

CVIDS

Whigig

AS IT HATH

bene fundrie times

Acted, by the Children

of the Kings Mide

sties Revels.



L O N D O N,

Imprinted by T. C. and are to be sold

by *Arthur Johnson*, at the signe of the white

Horse, neere the great North doore

of Saint Pauls Church.

1 6 1 1.



The Actors Names.

The Olde Lorde Nonsuch.	A Marchant.
Alderman Venter.	A jealous Knight.
Sir Timothie Troublesome.	The jealous Knights wife.
The Lady Troublesome.	The Pedant.
Maister Correction.	The Midwife.
Mistris Correction.	The Lady Troublesomes Kinswoman.
Peg.	Olde Venters Daughter.
Nan.	The Welch Courtier.
Nucome.	Nucomes Page.
Boy.	
The foure Schollers.	
The young Lord Nonsuch.	{ a Begging Souldier.
	{ Slacke.
	{ a swaggering Captaine.
Maister Exhibition.	The Ins-a-Court man.

Printed by T. C. and are to be sold
at the sign of the white
Horse next the great North door
of Saint Pauls Church.

To his much honored, be-
loued, respected, and iudiciall friend,
Maister Robert Hayman.

SIR, I must needs discharge two Epistles
vpon you, the one the Readers, that shoulde
be like the haile-shot, that scatters & strikes
a multitude, the other Dedicatorie, like
a Bullet, that aymes onely at your selfe:
if either doe strike you, it shall bee at your
choyce, whether I shal hit you in the head, to let you under-
stand my meaning, or in the heart, to make you conceiue my
loue: yet I must confesse, I had rather expresse my loue
out of the flint, then my meaning in any part of the shot, I
aime at you rather then the Reader, because since our tra-
uailes I haue bene pregnat with desire to bring forth some-
thing whereunto you may be witnes: & now being brought
a bed, if you please to bee God-father, I doubt not but this
Childe shalbe well maintained, seeing hee cannot liue aboue
an houre with you, & therefore shall intreat you, when he is
dead, he may be buried deepe enough in your good opinion,
and he shall deserue this Epitaph.

Heere lies the Childe that was borne in mirth,
Against the strict rules of Child-birth:
And to be quit, I gaue him to my friend,
Who laught him to death, and that was his end.

Yours while hee is his owne.

E. S.



THE PROLOGVE.

O Vr Authors Pen, loues not to swim in blood,
He dips no Inke from out blacke *Acheron* :
Nor suckes inuention, from the depth of hell,
Nor crosseth Seas, to get a forraine plot,
Hee taxes no Goddeses for foulest lust,
Nor doth disclose the secret scapes of Ioue :
He rips not vp the horred maw of Hell,
To shew soule Treasons hideous ougly face.
Nor doth hee touch the falls of mighty Kings,
No ancient Historie, no Shepheards loue.
No states-mans life, no power of death he showes.
Hee onely strives with mirth to please each one,
Since laughter is peculiar vnto man.
And being sure, freely to speake can be no sinne,
If honest wordes haue honest consturing.
Therefore to flie the least cause of offence,
Hee onely findes but words, you finde the sence :
Wherefore, if ought vnto your eare taste tart,
Thanke but your selues, which good to ill conuert,
Yet this hee oft hath strictly charg'd me say :
That hee's a slaue, and of a base condition,
That doth but draw it to suspicion.
That heere hee priuately taxeth any man,
Since all the world yeelds vice to play vpon.
What hee intends, Action shall make you knowe,
I should fore-stall the Play, should I but showe.

Cupio



C V P I D S

Whirligig.

The Scene in London.

Enter Cupid.

With feathered speede I pierc'd the Ayre,
The Cloudes asunder I did reare;

And thus with wings and Bowe come I

Newly from Ioues hye Court in skie,

My Mother kiss'd mee at our parting,

But did charge me leaue my Darting,

And with a strict commaund did say,

Boy, on a Whirligig goe play,

But such a Roundle make him runne,

As hee shall end, where first begunne,

My Scourge-sticke shall be made of Darts,

Feathered with sighes of Louers hearts,

Which made them flie with swiftest flight,

As Lightning in Tempestuous night,

My Scourge in selfe, are golden Tresses,

More richer farre then chaines of Esses,

With which ile make some daunce a jigge,

More rounder yet, then ere did Gig,

But Time doth call mee to be gone,

Yet first to all you lookers on,

Before I part, I thus much tell,

That Gods can goe inuisibell,

And though you doe not all times eye me,

Yet knowe at all times, I am by yee,

And be assur'd, and doe not thinke

But that you stand full neere the brinke

Of my displeasure: which if yee wone,

In Loue ile make ye sinke or swimme,

Thus farewell all, sit patient yet a while, (guile,

Left Cupid make your selues, your selues be.

Cupids VVhirligig.

*Enter the olde Lord Nonsuch, Alderman Venter,
Sir Timothy Troublesome.*

Venter. **M**Y Lord, you know your selfe and I haue long liued friends; and shall wee now with firme affection knit? tie fast our friendship in our Off-springs loue, conuey our cares in one, our goods together, and our loues in them, and whiles the remnant of our aged dayes doe last, lets d'off all discontentes, cast by the worlds incomber, and leaue the carefull burthen of keeping that, was care enough to get vpon the youthfull hope of their more able strength.

Olde Lord. O Neighbour Venter, doe you not know, that to marrie a Childe, is but to marre a man? for hee that cuts a tender twig in springing, both marres his length, and spoiles his growing: my sonne shall first see twenty yeares of age, before my condescent shall once be giuen to make him father of a sonne: Besides, your daughter yet is very young: and though in womens Sexe tis alwaies scene, desire to marriage rides alwayes in post; yet in their Inne repentance is their Host: the fault of this is alwaies knowne to bee, through foolish Husbands: or such as are too young, for Children to their wiues are like fruit halfe ripe, they yeeld no taste, nor giue no sweete delight.

Enter the young Lord.

Ven. Behold, heere comes my young Lord, the very modell of your selfe, the vigor of your youth, and strength of all your future hopes.

Old Lord. And hee is welcome, what suddaine gust (my Sonne) in hast hath blowne thee hither, and made thee leaue the Court, where so manie Earth-treading starres adorne the sky of state? or as the summers speckled flowry garment is spread about the seate of Maiestie? what is the reason thou hast left this earthly Paradise, to visite vs before our expectation?

Young Lord. My loue deare Father, (to your faire wife) hath made my houres of absence from this place, seeme

Cupids Whirligig.

tedious yeares, I could not but retorne from whence I came, as like to Man, the which of clay was framde, at first did walke a while vpon the earth, but in the end return'd to dust; or like a Riuer, which through the earth doth drawe his life, and spring from out the Sea. Thus I that from you sprung, haue runne my course a while, but now as to my Sea, retorne to you againe.

Old Lord. Thy answere with thy wisedome hath enrich'd thy welcome: deare frendes, I pray you set your hands to this my deed.

Exit olde Lord.

Ven. I doe my Lord, with all deuoted loue. *Exit Ven.*

Kni. And I which hate my wife his Mistris: his welcom home, will breede my ill at home. I breede my hornes as Children teeth, with sicknesse and with paine: and yet I will with as smoothe a face as my wife will giue mee leaue, make shoue of welcome. Sir, I much reioyce to see you, and doubt not but ere long, you'll come and see where my poote house doth stand.

Young Lord. Or else I were vnworthie of your loue, if I neglect the visitation of such kind friends as your selfe and my deare Mistris.

Visitation! my wife's not sicke, what visitation? T'is I am ill, t'is the Horne-plague I haue, I am sure t's not Gods visitation, yet they are the Lords tokens, for hee hath sent them mee: but marrie when you will, ile trie and you bee a Chandler, ile see if you'll take your owne Tokens againe: well, but in the mean time, I am marked for death, yet hee'll be in the pit before mee. O that I should bee a Cuckold! a creature of the last edition, and yet of the olde print.

Enter Wages.

Wag. O Sir, What make you heere, when there's a gallant Gentleman newly come from Court, talking within with my Ladie?

Kni. Yet! more Courtiers, more Gallants, more Gentlemen? now in a hundred thousand horned diuels names, what makes a there? what is a gone to bed to my Lady? both a Cuckold mee in mine owne house, in mine own chamber?

Cupids Whirligig.

Nay, in mine own Sheets? what hee's come to visite her too is a not, ha? But let me see, I haue now found out a trick to know if my wife make me a Cuckold, I will geld my selfe, and then if my wife be with childe, I shalbe sure I am a Cuckold, that will doe brauely Faith, God a mercie braine.

Enter Lady and Newcome.

Ld. Syr, I am sorry that I cannot with that free scope of friendly entertainment, giue welcome to your worth, because a jealous spirit haunts my Husband, which doth disturb vs all, this Diuell hath long vext him, and he as long vext mee, and were I not compos'd of more then of an ordinary female spirit, the burthen of his wrongs would tyre me quite.

Syr, this is my Husband.

Nuc. I cry-ye mercy Syr, I did not see ye.

Kni. A man would thinke ye saw me, for I am sure yee haue hit me right enough.

Nuc. I pray sir, bee not angrie, I haue not any way offended you, nor would—

Kni. Nay, nay, though I be, yee may be friends againe with me in spite of my teeth, for looke ye sir: my wife, and I are but one, and then though I fall out with you, you may fall in with her.

Nuc. Syr, I come not to offend you, nor—

Kni. Nay, nay, ye may, ye may yfaith, ye may, my wife is charitable, and would be glad by such a meane to make vs friends.

Nuc. Syr, then know, I sorne my eyes should stand as witnesses vnto your Ladies wrongs, & let you goe vnpunished: slight, see a sweet Lady abusde! *He drawes his sword.*

Lad. Syr, you shall not touch him: Husband you are too blame, your madnesse makes you much forget your manners, and wrongs my hie byrth, to make me the onely canker & worm-eaten branch that sprung out of my fathers noble stocke. No, no: knowe that the Tree from which I grewe, brought forth good fruite to all, not bad, to you, but therefore it shal shake hands with myrth, and entertaine a carollle humour: for looke ye sir, the diuell giues this

icalousie

Cupids Whirligig.

jealousie to man, as nature doth a taile vnto a Lyon, which thinkes in heate to beat away the Flies, when he doth most inrage himselfe with it: but come sir, will yee be my seruant, my sipher, try shadowe, or indeede any thing?

Nuc. Your shadowe (if you please,) and you my substance.

Lady. With all my heart.

Kni. I, I warrant her with all her heart, and now must he doe as all shadowes doe, when night comes, creeps into the substance.

Lad. Say a do, ye heare Husband, I here doe vowe before all the watchfull guard of Heauen, that I haue liu'd as true vnto thy bed, and chaste vnto thy loue, as ere was Turtle to her mate: but hencefoorth cerimonious custome shall not curbe me of delight, let her be brideled by opinion, whose weake desires cannot breake her raines: for my part, ile make you know my will is like a flint, smoothe and colde, but being hardly strooken, sparkles foorth fire euen in the strikers eyes: I am asham'de that I haue saide thus much; yet I may lawfully speake, for why? come sir, will ye walke? the Prouerbe sayes; Giue loosers leaue to talke.

Exeunt Ladie and Newcome.

Kni. O Wages, wages, o honest wages! what other Galants come to your Ladie in my absence?

Wag. Truly sir, sometimes there comes a proper yong Gentleman one Maister Woodlie.

Kni. Would lie! with whome would hee lie good Wages?

Wages. Why with my Ladie sir, and hee could get her good will: but hee is a Gentleman I can assure yee sir, for hee walkes alwayes in bootes, but in truth his Gentilitie is something decaying, his bootes are on their death-bed, for their soles are vpon parting; and I thinke hee hee a Souldier too, for his sword and his hangers are more worth then all his cloathes, and a is a verie proper man, for he is as tall as one of the Guard, and he will come sometimes and take my Ladie by the hand, and pumpe for witte half an houre together.

Cupids Whirligig.

Kni. How dost meane, Pumpe, ha!

Wag. Why sir, thus he will take my Lady by the hand, and wring it halfe an houre together, and say nothing.

Kni. Is that pumping for wit?

Wag. O sir I, for he that wringes a faire Lady by the hand, and saies nothing, doth but pumpe for witte, that's certaine.

Kni. A most wittic exposition, of what yeares?

Wag. Faith sir, he's indeed a man of no cares, for a hath bene on the Pillarie.

Kni. But what makes the cropeard stallion with my wife then?

Wag. Alas nothing, but lies with her, and she lies with him, would you haue any more?

Kni. More! no, too much by heaven, nay then twa's past suspition, past doubt, past iealousie, is not my haire turned all to hornes? am I not a monstrous and deformed Beast? my wife's a Goddesse (though not *Diana*) she can transforme: I branch Wages, I branch, do I not? am not I a goodly screene for men to hang their hats vpon.

Wag. Why sir? ye are no Cuckold.

Kni. No? no Cuckold? he lies with your Ladie, and your Ladie lies with him, yet I am no cuckold.

Wag. Why no, giue me but attention, and with a word ile wipe away your hornes.

Kni. No, no, words are too weake to wipe them off, when deed haue put them on.

Wag. But heare me sir.

Kni. With open eares to swallow comfort.

Wag. I met my Ladie and he fast by the Garden wall, & asking for your iealous worship, they both replide you were not iealous, this spoke they both together: in this, you know they both did lie together, and yet made you no cuckold.

Kni. Ha! mean'st thou?

Wag. Euen so indeed sir.

Kni. Nay, then I erie ye mercy wife, yfaith, she yet may chance be honest.

Cupids Whirligig.

Wag. O sir, very honest as a prettie Semsteris, or a poore waiting Gentlewoman.

Kni. Well Wages, if I be a Cuckold-----

Wag. Why sir, what will ye doe if ye be?

Kni. What will I doe? ile make it knowne, for I will be a Citizen, and so be a Subiect for Poets, and a slaue to my owne wife, therefore follow me Wages, I will doo't.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Lady alone.

Lad. O grieve! how thou torment'st me, it dwells in mine eyes, feastes on my blood: swimmes in my teares, and lodges in my heart. O heauen! haue I deseru'd this plague? O Husband! why should'st thou vse mee thus? was not my behauiour vnto thee as soft as Downe, as smoothe as pollish'd christall, I and my loue as cleere? was I not like a hand-maide, euen obedient to thy very thoughts? did not my nuptiall dutie like a shadowe followe the verie turning of thine eye? Oh! thou once didst loue mee, but thy loue was too hot, and like to selfe-consuming fire, it burnt out, and how soone tis turn'd to colde ashes, and therefore henceforth ile seeme icalious of him: for since all indenuours faile, ile now trie if icalousie can driue out icalousie: and here is fit occasion for to work vpon: Why how now Husband, wooing of another wife before my death, whence comes this? in my conscience tis a plague that *Cupid* hath laine vppon mee for sleeping crosleg'd in your absence. What, are ye growne as wearie of your wife, as of a foule shirt? must ye be changing?

Peg. Good madam be patient.

La. Patient! no, you are his patient, & he is your Physician, a ministers to ye (with a *Morbns Gallicus* take ye both) I pray forsooth let mee bee your Butler, and scrape your Trenchers, since I am already faine to liue of your leavings.

Kni. Woman, art icalious?

La. I.

Kni. Why?

La. Because you giue me cause: but man are you icalious?

Cupids VVhirligig.

Kni. I.

La. Why?

Kni. Because thou giuest me cause.

La. Tis false.

Kni. True, false, thou hast beene false indeed, abuse my bed, infected euen my very bloud, and made it growe to hard impostumes on my browes: hast thou not wantonly chang'd naked imbracements with strangers? abuse thy Nuptiall vow? hath not thy vnsatiate wombe, brought forth the bastardie of lust to call me father? But ile abandon thee, disclaime that, and hate ye both.

Nuc. Do'y heare me sir, vpon my conscience, you doe wrong your Ladie.

Kni. If I doe her wrong, youle doe her right, I beare a blow of yours, the which I neuer felt, you are like a mans Taylor that works with open shop for the Husband, but if you chance to doe any thing for the wife, you must doe it inwards, inwards! you are a good workman, I must needs say't: you haue fitted my wiues bodie, how sa'y wife, has a not?

Lad. Not, but you can euen in my sight cast amorous glances on others: you haue forsook my bed, abhorred my presence, and like a man past grace and shame, strout like a pimple before a wanton feather-wagging minke at his noone; besides, did not I finde thee kissing of thy Maide?

Kni. Did not I finde thee in priuate conference with my horse-groome?

Lad. Didst thou not offer thy Maide a new gowne, for a nights lodging?

Kni. Didst not thou giue a Diamond to the Butler?

Lad. Didst not thou send a bow'd Angel to thy Landresse Daughter?

Kni. No t'is false.

Cad. Yes, tis true, and then when I told thee un't, thou swarest twas out of charitie, because the Wench was poore, her Father an honest man, and her Mother a painefull woman: for these and these causes, you were kinde vnto the Daughter, great whil'st I was contented to belecue, be-

Cupids Whirligig.

cause I was vnwilling, like a fainte harted Souldier to looke of mine owne wounds, vntill I saw thou woundst my loue anew, and slewst thine owne reputation.

Kni. Art mad?

Lad. No, but a little jealous like you, I will no longer maintaine thy sanguine sinne, sooth lust with patience, nor in broken singing language flatter thy follie, as sweet heart doe not wander: for I do loue thee deare, as doth a Goose her Gander: a Goose indeed, for if ought but a Goose, I should haue sought reuenge for wrongs.

Xni. What, art drunke?

La. No, for I haue sufficient reason, too much knowledge, and sence enough to feele my wrongs: why should wee Women bee slaues to your imperfections? haue wee not soules of one mettall, are wee not as free borne as you? are we not all Adams Off-spring? did you not fall as well with him as wee, and shall wee be still kept downe, and you rise?

Kni. Doe st heare? yee are a sort of vncertaine, giddy, wauering, tottering, tumbling creatures, your affections are like your selues, & your selues like your affections, vp and downe (like the tuckes on your Petticotes,) which you let fall and take vp, as occasion serues: I haue seene of your Sex fall in loue with a man for wearing a handsome Rose on his shoe: another fall into the passion of the heart, to see a man vntie his pointe to make water; a third fall into the shaking Ague, for eating a bodie cherry with two stones, and yet youll be fellows, euen with the very image of your Maker, but wilt let me alone, and yfaith ile be quiet.

La. Alone! faith no.

Kni. Then ile leaue thee, since I know tis follie beyond madnes, to make her pleasure cause of my sadnes.

Exit Knight.

Nuc. Belieue it Lady, this was well done, and like a Ladie of a hie birth: make your Husband knowe his aduancement.

La. O shadowe, shadowe, I would haue you know I would not wrong him for all the Seas drown'd riches: for

Cupids VVhirligig.

if my heate of bloud should doe it as hee supposeth it doth, euen that bloud would like a traytor write my faultes with blushing redde vpon my cheekes: but because I (as all women and Courtyers doe) loue good cloathes which his eyes weare, yet hee abraides mee, swearing tis to please the multitude, and that I spred gay ragges about me, like a nette to catch the hearts of strangers: if I goe poore, then hee sweares I am beastly, with a loathed sluttishnesse: if I bee sad, then I grieue hee is so neare: if merrie, and with a modest wantonising kisse imbrace his Loue, then are my twistings more dangerous then a Snakes, my lust more vnsatiate then was *Messalinas*: Yet this from Iealiousie doth alwaies growe. What most they seeke, they lothst of all would knowe. But now to you deare Cousen, forgiuenesse let mee aske, and pardon for my fained Iealousie, and take but thus much of my counsaile. Marrie not in hast, for she that takes the best of Husbands, puts but on a golden fetter, for husbands are but like to painted fruite, which promise much, but still deceiues vs when wee come to touch: if you match with a Courtier, heele haue a dozen mistresses at least, and repent his marriage within foure and twentie houres at most, swearing a wife is fit for none but an olde Iustice, or a countrie Gentleman. If ye marrie a Citizen (though ye liue neuer so honest) yet yee shall bee sure to haue a Cuckold to your Husband. If a Lawyer, the neatenesse of his Clarke will drawe in question the good carriage of his wife. If a Merchant, heele be venturing abroad, when a might deale a great deale more safe at home: therefore come, Cousen come, lets home, and this take of mee, That amongst the best there's none good, all ill: shee's married best, that's wedded to her will.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the Young Lord.

Young Lo. They say *Cupid* is a boy, yet I haue known him confute the opinon of all your Phylosophers: For they hold euery light thing tendes directly vp: but I

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None all know he makes euerie light wench, fall directly
wne. Well, I am sure he hath knocked me with his bird-
dolt, for the which *Venus* giue him correction; for I doe
alreadie loue a Ladie of an incomparable delicacie, but
shee's another mans, and will shutte her eares as close to
keepe out charmes, as great men doe their gates, to keepe
in almes. Yet I haue no reason to dispaire, for I haue kil'd
her, and the French prouerbe saies, *Fame baissée est demie
ioyée*, a woman kil'd is halfe ioied: but I feare he meanes
but the vpper halfe.

I haue heere a Letter must worke a strange thing, and yet
no miracle, it must make a Ladie loue her friend berter
then her owne husband.

Enter Wages.

Wag. Saue ye my Lord.

Lor. O Wages! what Tennis-ball ha's fortune taken thee
for, to tollc thee thus into my way?

Wag. I hope yee will not strike me into any hazard of my
life though.

Lor. But what's the newes my Lad, what's the newes?
how doth Sir Timothie Troublesome, that iealous knight
thy Maister?

Wag. Why sir, a doth with his wife like a cowardly Cap-
taine in a towne of Garrison, feares euerie assault, trembles
at the battery, and doubts most, least the gates should be
opened, and his enemie let in at midnight.

Lor. Now in the name of destiny who feares a?

Wag. O sir, next to your self, none so much as your Cour-
tier, for euen with venum'd Breath, a speakes of them: for
saith he, haue but a suite to one of the, & they are like Iour-
daines, which though ye open the Fludgates of your boun-
tie, and fill them to the very brimme, yet theile alwaies
stand gaping for more.

Lor. But doest thou thinke his Ladie honest?

Wag. As womans flesh may be.

Lor. But she ha's bene a Courtier, and therefore knowing
most good, me thinkes she would commit least ill.

Wag. O sir, I will not but with sanctified and halowed

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thoughts, touch *Cynthias* brightest beames, whom all eies doe adore, and hearts doe worship: where purest Chastitie doth shine, in spotlesse robes of splendent maiestic, where Nature emulating heauen, to make her euen as faire as she is vertuous; but yet I well could wish, you know that in the skie of Court are manie starres, the which at midnight shoote and fall.

Lor. True, through most of the twelue signes, for they shoote from their Husbands at Aries (which gouernes the head) and fall at Scorpio, and so indeede they shoote from top to taile: but honest Wages, will ye binde me to y.

Wag. I thinke sir twill not be so much for your health, as if I should keepe you sollable.

Lor. I meane in courtesie good Wages.

Wag. O! the verie name of good Wages, will make a Seruing-man doe any curtesie.

Lor. Then befriend me thus, deliuer this Letter to your Ladies owne hand, with as much secrecie as yee may, and take this for your imployment.

Wag. As secret as shee that sell's Complexion: None but the chamber-Maid shall knowe it. *Exeunt at two dores.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Ladie alone with a Letter.

YEe haue your eyes like Sunne-glasses, catch'd the heat of my beaurie, and cast it on your owne hart, and with your sighes like bellowes, make it more inflambe: then spend your teares to quench it, for my chaste-blounds honour shall neuer dor it. — Lust, it's like an ouer-swollen Riuer, that breakes beyond all boundes; it's a Diuell bred in the bloud, nurc'd in Desire; & like a Sallamander liues in a continuall fire: it sprouteth larger then Iuie, which imbraceth, twisteth, and intangleth euerie one within his reach, and makes no choice betweene the goodliest Cedar and the stinkingst Elder: it's a foule vsurper on the name of loue, and raignes with greater dominion then an Empe-

Cupids Whirligig.

ror: it's a verie leperous Itche, it staines, and leaues a fouler spot vppon the soule then teares can wash away: but my chaste thoughts shall watch mine honour: ile muster v p my prayers to fight against temptation: shall I that haue bin a commaunder of my selfe, now proue a slaue to sinne? No, no, my mounting thoughts doe soare too high a pitch to stoope to any strangers lure. Say that a pccuiss Flye intangled were within my neuer-shorne tresses, should I to saue his life, cut and deforme me of so rich an ornament? What though the Lord Nonsuch within my loue intágled bee, must my honour now be clipt to set him free? No, no, my sawe is this and euer shall: he that on hope doth climbe doth often fall. But what shall I doe? a writes heere a will come: wit of a Woman now assist me, O aperne stringes be now auspicious, for here's my Husband, something I must doe: I ha't.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now faire mistris: this is strange to finde you here alone.

La. Not alone, but inuiron'd and accompanied.

Kni. With what?

La. With many heart-biting thoughts, which like Acteons houndes haue almost slaine my selfe, yet now my constancie shall proue a glasse, in which your selfe shall see your own errors: the Lord Nonsuch which you haue long suspected, with vnrebated edge of lust, hath alwaies sought, (I must confesse) to cut my very reputations throate, & this night——

Kni. This night?

La. I this night, but heare me husband.

Kni. No no, cuckold me, kill me with griefe, doe, doe, & when I am dead marry him: a ha's made you a ioynter alreadie of Breech downe: well wife well, I married you out of the Countrie, but you haue learn'd the Citie fashions alreadie: I am a Cuckold, I am, but ignorance that I was to marry thee so young, not being able scarce to put thine owne apparell on.

La. I was the fitter for a Husband, than mine husband.

Cupids VVhirligig.

sure to haue taken me a bed at all times.

Kni. True, so might other men too.

La. No, ye are deceiu'd husband, other men neuer lie with a mans wife but when she is readie for them, but to the purpose: this night haue I promise the Lord Non-such a shall inioy my loue, for which cause he will send a certaine Pander before, for feare you stand a rocke in his way, on which all his hopes will suffer ship-wracke. Now this same Panderly Pylate shall be by you bribed to stand sentinell, and giue the watchword when a comes, that you may then punish him, either with death or feare.

Kni. O shallow and womannish inuention, as if he wold betray his maister.

La. Tut money oftentimes corrups a good disposition, and makes a knaue ride poast to hell.

Kni. But is this true? art honest indeed? come hither, doest loue me, doest? nay but tell me true, doest?

La. Or else in hatred let me euer liue.

Kni. Doe not flatter me, I scarce belecue thee, thou neuer kildest me, but with such an affection, as a young wife doth an olde husband, wringing her lippes, and making a mouth as if she were taking a Potion.

La. You distast me much sir.

Kni. Dost not distats me too sometimes, tell me true?

La. Nothing but your Iealousie.

Kni. Well, prethee forgiue me and lets goe, but ile so swindge my Lord a horson otter, ile teach him fish in other mens ponds.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Young Nonsuch and Wages.

Lor. Did you deliuer my Letter?

Wag. With secrecie.

Lor. To her selfe?

Wag. Her owne hands.

Lor. Made she any answer?

Wag. Not any.

Lor. What other newes then rides on the back of report?

Wag. Why they say, sir, that mistris Correction the Mid-

Cupids Whirligig.

Lor. Why Hermaphrodit?

Wag. Why sir, she is become a Midwife, for as your hermaphrodit hath two members, the one to beget, the other to bring forth, so hath your Midwife too meanes, the one to bring you to beget, the other to bring it forth when tis begotten: and looke you sir, heere she appears vpon her Q.

Enter Mistris Correction.

Lor. O prethee do thou boord her as she passes by.

Wag. Who I boord her? by this light I dare not.

Lor. Then I will: fairely met faire Mistris.

Mist: Cor. Indeed forsooth I haue bin, by my truth I see he is a fine spoken man.

Lor. Whereabouts is your house faire Lady?

Mist: Cor. Heere fast by sir, not aboue a couple of stones cast off.

Wag. What Gentlewomen haue ye at home?

Mist: Cor. O Maister Wages, how do'y? faith sir I haue no body at home but mistris Punckit, you knowe her well,

Lor. What's she?

Mi. C. Truly sir a very courteous Gentlewomā, & she loues to act in as cleane linnen as any Gentlewoman of her function about the towne, and truly that's the reason that your sincere puritanes cannot abide to weare a Surplesse, because they say tis made of the same thing that your villanous sin is committed in, as your most prophane holland.

Wag. Pra'y when was Maister Wraistler of the Guard at your house?

Mi. Co. Who he? in troth Mi. Punckit cannot abide him, she sweares a lookes for all the world like the Dominicall Letter, in his red Coate: no Maister Wages no, I can tell ye I haue other manner of Guestes come to my house then he: I haue Pentioners, and Gentlemen Vshers, Knights, Captaines and Commaunders, Lieftennants, and Antients, voluntary Gentlemen, I, & men y^e weare their clokes linde through with veluet; I entertaine no Muttō eating Innes-a-court men, no halfe linde cloake Citizens: nor flat capt Prentises, no, the best come to my house, Maister New-

Cupids VVhirligig.

come the Courtier was there the other day, and truly he would haue had some dealing with Mi. Punckit, but that he had no filler: and yet I must needs say't, a would a put her in very good obscuritie, for a brought a Gentleman with him that would a giuen his word in a consumption of twentie pound, that a should a paid her at next meeting, and truly but that her trade stands so much vpon present payment, and partly for mortalities sake, I thinke else she would a taken it, and yet before a went, I must needs say't, a shewd himselfe like an honest Gentleman and a Courtier, for a left his Perriwigge in pawne: but had you seene how a look'd, for all the world like an Estridges egge, with a face drawne of the one side.

Lor. What other guests haue ye?

Mi. Cor. There comes maister Exhibition of the Innes a court very often, and Maister Angell-taker the counsellor comes sometimes, but Mistris Punckit doeth so iest with him, she swears to him as she hopes to be saued, and I may tell you sir, there's great hope on't, for truly shee vseth iust and vpright dealing with euery man, but as I said, as she hopes to be saued, she would not marry him of all the men in the world.

Lor. No, why?

Mi. Cor. Because she saies that Lawyers are like Trumpeters, they sell their breath.

Lor. Shee's a foole tell her, the Lawyers are the pillars of the Realme.

Mist. Cor. Yes forsooth so I said, but she said they were not onely the Pillars, but the Polers also, but I pray you sir of what profession are you?

Lor. Faith of none Gentlewoman, onely a young gallant as you see.

Mi. Cor. A yong Gallant, say you! yfaith, ile quickly try that by and by, do'y heare sir, do'y heare? *Putting her hand to her purse.*

Lor. What say you Gentlewoman?

Mi. Cor. I pray can you giue me ten shillings for a peece of golde.

Cupids Whirligig.

Lor. Yes that I can.

Mis. Cor. O sir, O sir, I perceiue you are no gallant: yfaith, it would goe deepe my friend, I may tell you for a young gallant to change three groates for a shilling, & twere great fish, I may tell you too, to Angle for in a gallants great hose.

Lor. Hold mistresse, spend that for my sake, and it shall not be long ere I will come and visit your house.

Mist. Cor. I thanke your worship, sir, ile be so bold as to take my deliuerance out of your company.

Lor. Farewell.

Wag. God be with you mistresse Correction.

Mist. Cor. The like to you good Maister Wages, but doe you heare sir, I hope if your worship come to my house, if there be no body at home but my selfe, though I am an old woman, yet I hope your worship will not dispise age.

Lor. No, no, feare not that.

Mist. Cor. I thanke ye heartily sir.

Lor. With all my heart, Wages farwell, and bring but an answere of my letter; and I will be thy pay-maister, not thy debter.

Exeunt.

Enter Nucome, Wages, and Peg.

Nuc. Indeed Lady I am a Courtier.

Peg: I vnderstand so much by your name good Maister Nucome.

Nan: And I am in grace too Lady, what my soules sweet secretarie! you are fairely met indeed, how doth old Venter thy father?

Nuc. O how perfum'd your Courtiers phrasies are: I left him in health sir.

Wag. O I, they speake in print I can tell you, and though it be a sinne, to rob a man of his learning: yet Courtiers are verie sildome blamde for getting out of any mens bookes.

Peg: Yet I haue knowne them steale out of them ere now.

Nan: Nay then youle make a Courtier: These.

Cupids Whirligig.

Peg: I, such a one as the good theefe was.

Man: Maſſe I wonder what Country man that good theefe was?

Nuc: O, a was my country man Lady, hee was a borderer on North wales, I can aſſure you.

Nan: Indeed and ſo I thinke, for not to flatter ye, many of your Countey men haue prooued good theeues euer ſince: but I pra'y tell me, is it the faſhion of your north wales, to ſuffer your beards to grow vpwads thus, in ſpite of your noſe?

N. c. Yes Lady, al of vs that are Courtiers: marrie before when we were poore countrie fellowes, wee ſuffered our beardes careleſſie to growe downeward, and then they growe into our mouths in ſpite of our teeth, now you know haire is but excrement, & for mine owne part, I had rather haue my excrement in my noſe, then in my teeeth.

Peg: I haue heard moſt of your Country men are very actiue men.

Nuc: O Lady, I haue ſeene a youth of eightene yeares in our Countrey, would a caper'd ye, thus hye!

Wag. Tas bin in a ſtring then.

Peg: Is it poſſible?

Nan: Nay, beleue it, a would haue done it with all his heart, but hee could not. (ric valiant.

Pec. They ſay too, moſt of your Countriemen are ve-

Wag. O I, they terrifie their enemies with patience.

Nuc. O, we make the excellent'ſt Souldiers in the world.

Peg. I, but they ſay, they cannot preſſe a man to the warres though, in all your countrey.

Nuc: Yes Knights.

Nan: Why Knights?

N. c. To ſaue our Landed men at home.

N. n: I haue heard, moſt of ye are great Trauailers.

Nuc: I, for France, Spaine, & England, and ſuch neighbour Countries, why I haue beene as farre as Winchester my ſelfe.

Wag. Indeed tis true, ſome of ye Trauaile ſo far abroad,

Cupids VVhirligig.

as ye come short home many times.

Peg: I haue heard ye are all Gentlemen.

Nuc. Indeed I must confesse Lady, we haue few beggers, and those we haue, we reward according, for if he bee a lustie Knaue, we giue him a Lawyers almes, tell him of the statute: if a poore and decrepit fellowe, we giue him a Citizens wiues charitie, cry God helpe him, God helpe him.

Peg: By your leaue Maister Nucome, me thinkes you haue a prettie lace on your band.

Nuc. A prettie slight court lace, all show, all showe.

Nan. What's this, a shirt that ye weare? else tis a mocke-begger with strips.

Nuc. No, tis a shirt Lady.

Nan. What, did you make this doublet new, or else ye new made it?

Nuc. Yes I made it new Lady?

Nan. Beleeue me sir, but the linings are olde.

Peg: Fic, they are greasie.

Nuc. I thinke they are something sweatie indeede with hunting.

Nan. Hunting: why a man neede not hunt far for game, what's this?

She findes a louse.

Nuc. O, a Sallamander Ladie, tis a Sallamander bredde with the continuall heate of swearing.

Peg: What's your breech made all of one stuffe Maister Nucome?

Nuc. Pray why doe you aske?

Peg: Because me thinkes the soile change's here behind.

Wag. I, and so doth the ayre as well as the soile I warrant ye.

Nan: What are these hose made of the newest fashion ye haue at Court?

Nuc. Faith Lady for mine owne part I am no mans Ape, this is my fashion, and sometimes I stand in the presence with my cloake linde through, either with veluet, or with Taffata, if with Veluet, I let him hang on my shoulder, ma-

Cupids VVhirligig.

Peg. Now by the soule of chastitie I sweare, a is a proper man.

Nuc. If any man passe by and salute me, I salute him againe, but if any Lady or Gentlewoman glide through the presence, and cast her eye one mee, as commonly they vse to doe on men, that makes any shoue, or glister as I alwaies doe.

Nan. Yet alwaies making glisters, I holde my life he is a Portecarie, doe you neuer make no suppositors sir?

Nuc. I keepe my place of standing, carry my bodye stiffe and vpright, blush not, am impudent enough, when perchance the heate of the Ladies affection makes her take a place of standing, either against the hangings, or one of the bay windowes, and there with a greedie eye feedes on my exteryors, which percciuing, I drawe to her, kisse my hand, and accorst her thus.

Enter Knight.

Nan. I pra'y accorst her anon sir, and lets stand close and trouble not true icalousie in the picture of Hieronimo, in a little volume.

Peg. See, see how a lookes, doe you not percciue his heart beate hither?

Nan. I, for all the world like the Denmarke Drummer.

Wag. Peace, heare what a saies.

Kni. Forgiuenesse wife: O how haue I wrong'd thee, O who would abuse your sex, which truely knowes ye? O women, were we not borne of ye? should we not then honour you? nurs'd by ye, & not regard ye? begotten on ye, and not loue yee? made for ye, and not seeke ye? and since we were made before yee, should we not loue and admire ye as the last? and therefore perfect'st work of nature, Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilfull Mistresse of her Arte, therefore cursed is he that doth not admire those Paragons, those Modells of heauen, Angels on earth, Goddesses in shape: by their loues we liue in double breath, euen in our Of-spring after death. Are not all Vices masculine, and Vertues feminine? are not the Muses the loues of the Icar.

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ned? doe not all noble spirits followe the Graces, because they are women, there's but one Phoenix and shee's a female: Is not the Princes and founders of good artes Minerva, borne of the braine of highest Ioue, a woman? haue not these women, the face of loue, the tongue of perswasion, the body of delight? O diuine perfection'd womā, whose praises no tongue can full expresse, for that the matter doth exceede the labour: O if to bee a woman bee so excellent, what is it then to be a woman inritch'd by nature, made excellent by education, noble by byrth, chaste by vertue, adorn'd by beautie? A faire woman which is the ornament of heauen, the grace of earth, the ioy of life, and the delight of all sense, euen the very *summum bonum* of mans life.

Nuc: O monstrous heresie, he will be damb'd for that error.

Wag: Nay, let him alone, for he had like to bene burnt for that opinion ere now, had not a friend of mine pluckt the fire from the stake.

Nuc: Come, lets breake out vpon him.

Nan: O no good sir, though it be a thing much giuen to your name, yet let not vs breake out, let vs not shewe such childish partes.

Peg: Saue ye Knight.

Kni. And blesse ye Lady, O sirra, are you there? come ye hither, what's that strange Lady there?

Wag. I thinke it be mistris Babee sir, maiister Nuecome's Mistresse, for she lookes like an Northerne Lasse, made of a strange fashion, something like a Lute, all bellie to the necke.

Kni. So, like a Lute, and you like a skilfull musitian haue bin fingring it.

Nan: How does your good Ladie Knight, how doth she?

Kni. Well I praise *Hymē*, and I adore my stars, she hath no acquaintance with such a female flie as you are.

Nan: What meanes he by that?

Peg: Why I thinke a meanes you are but a light huswife, but come let's leaue him.

Nan: I shall be glad to see him.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Nuc: Farewell Knight. *Exeunt Nuc: Nan, & Peg.*

Nan. Forgiuenesse wife.

Kni. Now the plague of Egypt light vpon you all, Lice deuoure ye: come ye hither sirra, what's the cause you keepe such villanous company?

Wag. I keepe their companie moſte Syr for good vittailes, for you keepe ſuch a villanous houſe, as if tweare alwayes Eaſter eue, wee ſtill hope for better: and you knowe your Cooke is gone already ſyr, for feare a ſhould forgette his occupation with you. Beſides ſir, if any man come to your houſe to dinner, though he hoppe vpon one legge, yet euery man ſaith a comes too faſt, & for mine own part ſir, you haue giuen me nothing ſince I came vnto you.

Kni. O thou pampred Iade! what wouldſt thou haue? what wouldſt thou feede on Quailles? art thou not Fat? is not thy necke brawne, thy leg calfe, thy head beefe? and yet thou wants meate.

Wag. No ſyr, but I would willingly haue ſome wages.

Kni. Well, ile thinke on't, & ſo goe call your Miſtreſſe.

Wag. Looke you ſir, heere ſhee comes without calling.

Kni: Saue yout honeſty the, & be gon without bidding.

Wag: I vaniſh ſir.

Exit Wages.

Kni: Do ſo. O my ſweet wife, my elected ſponſe, the very veſſell of chaſtirie, ſild to the very brim with *Hymen* zeale, & nuptiall dutie: how haue I abuſ'd thee? but I haue waſht repentance euen in teares, & in thy abſence I haue dedicated ſacred ſighes vnto thee, to appeaſe thy wrath: therefore tell me ſweet wife, when comes this pander, whe coms he?

Lad: I muſe he ſtayes ſo long, he ſhould ha bene by promiſe here an houre ſince, and looke here a comes.

Enter Lord diſguiſed.

Kni: O you are welcome Syr, welcome yfaith, but when comes your Lord? is he at hand, will a come?

Lor: My Lord ſir, what Lord?

Kni: Nay, come, come, make not the matter ſtrange mān, my wife hath told me all, you are an honeſt mā, hold, hold, will ye but befriend me now, and watch another dore vnto my houſe, & giue notice when a comes, while I watch

Cupids VVhirligig.

Lor: O now I see the trick on't, his wife hath gulld him with a lie, and made him believe I am but a poore seruing-man, onely to enioy my loue. O kinde woman ! ó sweete Ladie ! now I see she loues me.

Kni: O excellent wife, how true she told me, what a beast haue I bene, still to wrong her with suspect.

Lor: Faith sir, I see ye are a very worthie Gentleman, and for mine owne part, I shalbe glad to doe you any pleasure, for to tell you true, I thinke my Lord meanes to Cuckolde you indeed.

Kni: Why that's well saide, holde heere's one Angell more, and goe but with my wife, sheele show you the other dore, while I watch this : & if a come, knocke him downe, kill him, and lay the fault on mee, ile please you for your paines; looke, here's a club will holde.

La. Giue mee, giue mee, come.

Kni. Goe wife, go with him, see a stand stiffely too't, and if occasion serue.

Lad. I warrant yee husband, feare it not, but ile doe my part.

Exeunt Wife and Lord.

Kni. Why that's well said, and if a come to this dore, ile teach him come to tye his mare in my ground, but what a slave haue I bene stil thus to suspect my wife, I could neuer feelee any hornes I had, & yet I know my skull is so thinne that if my wife should a Cuckolde me, with the least thing in the world, yet my hornes would a growne through: now am I for my Lord.

Enter Lord and the Lady at another dore.

Lor: Now faire Mistres, this farre through the mouth of danger am I come, and made my passage through her life-deuouring iawes, to feast mine eyes vppon this beautie, which makes mee thinke all danger's but a sport, so you receiue and wrap me in your loues imbracemets, and take holde of this faire occasion, for well you knowe your Husbands jealousie will turne this proffered time like fortunes wheele, and drowne our fairest hopes, euen in dispaire, if you bee tedious in our loues effects, and therefore

Cupids VVhirligig.

proceed euen to the vtmost listes of my desire,& make me happie in the fruition of your long desired loue.

Kni. O my Lord, shall a smile, a good word, a little kind behauour, or the title of deere seruant, make your hopes to swell into so great a sea of lust, as presently to ouer-flow and drowne the honour of your Mistris? O my Lord no, your iudgement much deceiues you of my disposition: besides, I sent not for yee, it was your leaud vnbrideled will, that made you thus come gallop heither: yet by my meanes I must confesse as yet you are vnknowne, and in some sort I glad your being heere, onely to make you knowe, that neither fairest occasions nor greatest perswasions shall euer make me violate my faith to him I owe my loue; No my Lord, I know I durst to trust my selfe against the most of opportunitie and strength of all temptation, and though my husband watch you at the doore, yet know within, my conscience watcheth me, though he be blinded with a tricke, yet the cleare all-light giuers eyes doe see: therefore good my Lord be gone, you see my husband is wilfull bent, and if he chance to know you, I much doubt your safetie.

Lor. But is this my paines requital and my lones reward?

Kni. Alasse my Lord, what would you haue? my loue is not mine owne.

Lor. Well, farwel Lady, you may repeat this yet ere long: yet peace fond breath, least threatens my plots beguile: vengeance intended pollicie, must smile. *Exeunt Lord & Lady*

Enter Lord.

Kni. Are ye going sir, are ye going, what will not your Lord come?

Lor. I thinke not sir, his houre is past long since, some other businesse hinders him.

Kni. Gods my passion, what doe I see, this is he, I see his chaine: nay but looke you sir, when will you come againe? by this light I see his signet ring.

Lor. Assure your selfe sir, ile bring you notice before my Lord come.

Kni. Next time I will

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looke ye sir, and if you should not come, pra'y stay a little, me thinks your band is torne.

Lor. It's no matter, no matter.

Kni. No, tis not now I see't, by this hand tis he, tis he, what should I doe? now if I should strike him, hee would be to hard for me, for he is better arm'd than I.

Lor. Well sir, ile take my leaue of you, till your occasion shall neede my presence.

Kni. Fare ye well sir, I hope that shall be neuer: but haue not I spun a faire threed thinke you, to be a very Baude, an arrant wittall, to giue them oportunitie, put them together, Nay holde the dore the whil'st, this is my wiues plot, by which I haue saild to Cuckolds hauens, yet my saile was but a smocke, which shee her selfe hoist vp: Alas, alas, Gentlemen, doe you not knowe the Philosopher saith this world is but a stage: *hodie mihi, cras tibi*: tis my part to day, it may be some of yours to morrowe: why tis but matrimoniall chance, wee that are Cuckolds should be brauest men, for no men else doe knowe their endes, but wee knowe ours, for we are forked at both. O thou powerfull and celestiall Ioue! strike downe from heauen some congealed boltes of thunder, that it may pierce the wombe of earth, & through it send thy lightning flames to make hell hotter then it is, or with Egyptian dampes and rotten iawes renouate thy eating plague of life, dissolute nature, consume earth, destroy hell, and dambe woman I beseech thee into a deeper dungeon then the diuell. They fill men with diseases, and giue the wane-eyde Sunne of Heauen cause to smile to see our paines: shall the gaping of graues, the scritchings of Ghostes, and cries of damned soules, yet longer be defer'd? shall time incorporate with sinne, and beget more mischiefe? shall hell be better furnished with women then with diuels? infernall Lucifer will muster vp his female soules against thy dietie, vnlesse thou doe abridge the course of sinne, by cutting off the increase of women, and then we shall haue no more cuckolds. Come ye hither wife, come ye hither, pra'y tell mee one thing

Cupids Whirligig.

Enter Ladie.

Lady. True : why Husband, ile lye for no mans pleasure.

Kni. Yes, for his pleasure that is gone.

La. For his pleasure, why for his pleasure?

Kni: Because you are a Puncke wife, a Puneke.

La: Now Ioue blesse me.

Kni. You are a Cockatrice wife, a Cockatrice.

La: Now heauens defend me.

Lni: You are a whore wife, a whore.

La: Sir, the man is mad.

Kni. I, horne mad; ah thou vile perfidious, detestable, Lasciuious, vnsatiable, luxurious, and abominable strumpet: was it not enough to be an Actor, a cornuto, a cuckold, but to make mee a Bawde, a Pimpe, and a Pander?

La: What Pimpe, what Pander? why, was not this the Lord Nonsuch? did I not see his chaine? Nay, prethee say t'was not hee; nay, sweare it too: ouer-shooes, ouer-bootes, since yee haue waded to the bellie in sinne, nay, now goe deeper euen to the breast and heart.

La: Pray heare me Husband.

Kni: What vile excuses caust make, how canst thou hide thy lust? wouldst wrap thy sinne in periurie, to muszell vp thy villanie?

La: Nay good Husband, for pittie sake heare me.

Kni: Talke not of pittie, pittie is deafe, and cannot heare the poore mans crie, much lesse a strumpets.

Lo. For charitie heare me.

Kni: Charity is frozen, and benumb'd with colde, it cannot helpe thee, doest kneele? doest kneele? to the heauen's not to mee: yet they looke thy heart should stoupe, and not thy knee. Doest weepe, doest? rise, rise thou strumpet, goe out of my sight, in, in.

Lor. I goe, Yet this my comfort, in the gall of life, Suspition neuer wrong'd a truer wife.

Exit Lord.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Enter Wages.

Kni. Hoc, Wages.

Wag. Heere Sir.

Kni. Come hither Wages, my olde resolution is come on mee againe, and it shall make me doe much, for I will geld my selfe.

Wag. Alas sir, that's the only way to make you doe little.

Kni. Therefore goe fetch me the Opperator.

Wag. What's he sir?

Rni. The stone-Cutter.

Wag. O you meane the Sow-gelder.

Kni. O! hee's an excellent fellow, hee takes away the cause of a mans beastly desires.

Wag. I, and of their manly performance too.

Kni. Hee makes a man not care a rush for a woman.

Wag. No, nor a Woman care a straw for a man.

Kni. Doth not such a fellow deserue commendations?

Wag. Yes, as a hang-man doeth, for cutting off the traitors that makes the flesh rebell.

Kni. Wages, I doe now more doubt my wiues honestie then euer, therefore ile make him the touch-stone of her reputation.

Wag. Faith Syr, yee might get easier touch-stones then hee a great deale, theres many a Gold-smithes wife in Cheap-side could helpe you to a better.

Kni. He deserues much praise.

Wag. I, as your Cockatrice doth for the dismembriing of men.

Kni. If she be a Puncke, it, ile not be diuorc'd.

Wag. Why should ye? why ye cannot keepe more Gentlemanlike company: besides, your Puncke is like your pollition: for they both consume themselves, for the common people. And your Puncke of the two, is the better member, for shee like a candle to light others, burnes her selfe.

Kni. Well Wages, come follow mee, for I am resolu'd to trie my wiues honestie.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Act. second.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Actus Ter. Scena prima.

Enter young Nonsuch like a begging Soultier.

*Young Lord. Venus lay where Mars had found her,
And in warlike armes he bound her,
Cupid cride, and Vulcane spide:
And thereon threw the Sciclops,
But his horne begat his scorne,
With all the little Gods mockes.*

Now some honest Gentleman passe by that I might sell
him the maiden-head of my occupation for a halfe penny
masse, heere a comes, a shall ha't, ye faith.

Enter Nucome.

Worshipfull Gentleman, looke with your eye, and pitty
with your hart, the distresse of a martiall man, I haue bene a
man in my daies, and acquainted with better fortunes then
I now see: time hath beene I haue borne Armes, but now
one's gone, and I can no longer write Gentleman: where-
fore if you please to bestowe but one poore thistle of your
bountie, to pricke the blister of my pouertie, it would set
my slender fortunes a flote, where they now lie beating on
the goodwins of famine, I am none of these Ludgarions
that beg for fourescore and ten poore men: my suite is on-
ly for my selfe.

Nuc. Whom hast thou serued friend?

Lor. First I seru'd in Ireland, then in Holland, Braband,
Zealand, Gelderland, Friesland, and most of the seuentene
Prouinces, I was at the siedge of Bergen vp zome, carryed
a pike at the entrance of Sluce, and was hurt in the groine
entring the breach.

Nuc. Who was thy Captaine?

Lor. I serued vnder the commaund of Captaine pipe.

Nuc. Who, captaine Gregorie Pipe?

Lor. No sir, Captaine Tobacco Pipe.

Nuc. O, I know him well indeed, hee is on the English

Cupids VVhirligig.

Nation, hath much imployments.

Lor. I can assure your worship Syr, I haue seene him in very hote seruice, and when some of vs his followers haue smok'd for't too: wherefore I beseech you sir, bestowe something on mee, for the knowledge you had of my good Captaine.

Nuc. Go too sirra, I feare ye are a counterfaite Rogue.

Lor. How Rogue sir? though none of fortunes favorites, nor great mens minions, yet perchance as good a man as your selfe: swoundes Rogue?

Nuc. Nay, bee not angry good friend, for yfaith I loue a Souldier with all my heart, for indeed I haue a Couzen is one, would giue thee something, but yfaith I haue no filler, yet I giue thee eightene pence in conceite, and so farewell.

Exit Nu come.

Lor. Well sir, in conceite I thanke ye then.

Enter Knight and Wages,

Ye Wages, come ye after like a Clog to the heeles of the olde Ape of your Maister?

Kni. Wages, how many pounds goe to a stone of beefe?

Wag. Eight Syr.

Kni. Then I am lighter by sixteene pound now then I was, I may now lie with any Ladie in Europe, for any hurt I can doe her.

Wag. True sir, or good either.

Kni. I can Cuckold no man.

Wag. Yet any man may Cuckold you.

Kni. What's hee Wages?

Wag. Some poore Souldier sir, lately come out of the low-Countries.

Lor. I must not now begge lame, for feare I loose his seruice by it: I beseech yee good blacke Captaine bestowe something of a poore Souldier, that hath serued his Prince both by Sea and Land: if you bestowe but one poore pennie of your liberalitie, when the wheele of Fate turnes, if the bitter frosts of pouertie doe not in the meane time nip my fortunes in the blossomes, I doubt not but to reciprocate your curtesie.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Wag. Hyda, what an excellent fellow this would make to dwell in the Exchange, how the Rogue prates?

Kni. What art a Souldier?

Lor. I haue bene some fewe yeares.

Kni. Why then thou art a Gentleman by profession, and 't is a shame for a Gentleman to begge.

Lor. So I thinke, for I haue Gentleman-like qualities enough: for I had rather drinke drunke to purge, then take Physicke, but will you giue me any thing sir?

Wag. No sir, my Maister doeth not vse to giue Gentlemen money, for feare of disgracing them.

Lor. Oh, I erie you mercie, good Maister Mustard-pot.

Wag. Mustard-pot! Gods light, Mustard-pot! and why Mustard-pot?

Lor. Because thou art a sawce-box:

Wag. Sawce-box?

Kni. Goe too, be quiet Wages.

Lor. But will ye giue mee any thing sir?

Kni. No, not a pennie.

Lor. Come then sir, will ye walke a turne or two?

Kni. Walke with thee, why, art not lousie?

Lor. I neede not, I haue change enough, for I haue two paire of shooes.

Kni. Wert neuer in better fashion?

Lor. Yes, I haue borne the badge of honour in my dayes.

Wag. I, a hath bene some Noblemans Foote-man sure.

Kni. Was thy Father an Alchymist, that thou art so poore?

Lor. Why doe you not knowe pouertie hath a Gentleman Vlhers place, it goes bare before death.

Kni. Thy name.

Lor. Slacke.

Kni. Of what Religion art?

Slac. Faith I am yet cleane paper, yee may write on mee what ye will, either Puritane, or Protestant.

Kni. Wilt thou serue me?

Cupids Whirligig.

Slac: So you will giue me wages.

Kni. Yes that I will, and thou shalt weare my Livery too, ile giue it thee, thou shalt not buy't thy selfe.

Slac: I thanke yee sir.

Enter a Bawde.

Wag. O Mistris Correction I how doe you?

Mist. Cor. I thanke ye good Maister Wages, and how doth that goodly Gelding your Maister?

Wag. Why Gelding?

Mist. Because he hath both abus'd and accus'd one of the most vertuous Ladies that euer frizeld her haire.

Wag. Peace, speake soft, tha'ts he.

Mist. Cor. Is that hee?

Wag. The very same.

Mist. Cor. Now by my troth I am glad to see your worship in good health, & how doth your good worship: Lord you looke ill, a bodie may see what griefe will doe: O had you had a good wife, your worship would looke twentie yeares yonger then you doe, 'tis euen pittie of her life that would wrong such a sweete man: what an excellent complexion your beard's off, and by my troth a keeps his colour very well.

Slacke pinches behinde.

What now, you sawsie Companion you, what aile you trowe?

Slack: You had an ill Midwife Mistresse, shee hath not clos'd your mould well behinde.

Mist. Cor. Marry come vp lacke-an-Apes father in law, what can you tell?

Slac: I felt it by giuing my hand to bid it farwell.

Mist. Cor: O sir, that's signe ye are a clowne, if ye had bene a Gentleman, ye would a kist it, and a taken your leaue on't, I pray Maister wages what's this fellow?

Wag. A new man of my Maisters, and I can assure you a tall Souldier too.

Mist. Cor. A tall Souldier say you? so mee thinkes, his clothes haue beene in shrode seruices, for they are verie dangerously wounded. Sir, and like your worship, this that you haue entertuin'd is no man, 'tis some Scat-crow, and

Cupids VVhirligig,

you haue done very ill to take him away: the Crowes will eate vp the Corne now out of all measure, pray God wee haue not a deere yeare after it.

Sla. I know your Husband well Mistris Correction, and Mistris Punckit too: I heare shee keeps her bed much, what, is she not in health?

Kni. Haue you such a Gentlewoman lies at your house?

Mist. Corr. Yes indeed Syr, a younger Brothers Daughter, a kins-woman of my Husbands.

Kni. It seemes he hath bene acquainted with her.

Mist. Cor. Who hee? no sir, shee scornes to speake with him, vnlesse t'were by an Attorney.

Wag. Pray how doth your Husband good Mistris Correction?

Mist. Cor. The better for your asking, good M. Wages.

Wag. Indeed her Husband is a very honest painfull mā sir.

Mistr. Corr. O maister Wages; no, no maister Wages, you are deceiu'd in him, there's neuer a morning but I am ready and abroad, an houre before hee's vp: and when he is vp, as I am a liuing woman, I can make him doe nothing for my life.

Kni. No, doth he not studdie?

Mistr. Corr. Yes, like the Clarke of a great mans Kitchen, what meate he shall haue for dinner.

Wag. Beleeue it, but hee's a good Scholler though, O he hath a passing head of his owne.

M. C. Hath he, I he hath indeed, if ye knew all, and I can tell ye, he may thanke mee for't too, for he went to schoole to me, in my first husbands time.

Kni. Pray what was your first Husband?

Mist. Cor. M. Seldome the preacher, an't like your worship, hee preach'd in two of his benefices in one day, and sure t'was the death of him, he neuer ioyed himselfe after, so ouer-strained he his voice.

Kni. And then you married this man?

Mi. C. Yes forsooth, & truly afterwards bought him a benefice, but he hath sold it againe, & I may tell you, thogh I am no Lady, yet he's call'd for Iohn every word & for all this

Cupids Whirligig.

now he makes no more account of me then your Man Mai Wages doth of an old-shoe-clout, which a neuer thinks of, but when a needs, and if he cannot finde it, why any other thing serues his turne, & so he deales by me, and truely M. Wages I may tell you, I meane to put him away.

Wag. Away ! why ye cannot put him away for this.

M. Gor. Yes I warrant ye, if you can finde in your hart to loue & marry me, let me alone for that : ile keepe ye like a man all daies of your life: besides, if the stones of the street in the Citie shuld be too hot for ye, & that ye dare not walk on them, for feare the wicked vanities of the world should catch hold of ye, as they haue done to the vtter ouerthrow and vndoing of many a good man, yet I can get my liuing in the Suburbs, and what Trade so euer go downe, I doubt not but mine shal hold vp, as long as the Kingdome yeelds either Souldiers or younger brothers, which wants maintenance to keep wiues of their owne. No M. Wages, my trade, little doth any body knowe what commings in I haue daile, I keep 3. as good fether-beds going winter and summer, as any sinner in the Suburbs : besides, I warrant ye, I get a-boue 20. pound a year in Rennish wine, at the secod hand.

Wag. Well, Aske my maister if hee be willing, yee shall finde me forward.

M. C. And that's as much as any woman can aske truely : and please your worship I haue a suite to you.

Kni. What ist Mist. Cor. for you are very like to speed ?

M. Co. That I may haue your good will to mary m. wages

Lor. Why you haue a Husband aliue ?

M. Cor. I, but I can be deuorc'd from him, and like your worship, for 3 seuerall causes, which I knowe well enough, I warrant ye.

Kni. If he be willing, with all my hart.

Mist. Cor. I thanke your worship.

Sla. Hisse fellow Wages, pray a word we, doest meane to haue her ?

Wag. I.

(of her.

Sla. Well, goe thy wayes, I warrant thee a sound peece

Wag. A peece, why a peece ? didst euer shoote in her ?

Sla. Who I, No, for shee recoyles too much in the discharging, for me to meddle with, but do'st heare, put her a-

Cupids VVhirligig.

way againe as soone as thou canst : if thou keepe her long, if she prooue not like a commoditie of wood, and stinke in thy hands, then hang me.

Kni. Well Mistris Correction, I could wish you goe about this your affaires as soone as you may, and Slack and Wages doe you two follow me.

Exeunt 3. at one doore, and the Band at the other.

Enter Peg and Nan.

Nan: Now by my chaste thoughts which I was mother of at nine yeares olde, I heere sweare, neuer to be in Loue: yet Maister Nucome the Courtier thinkes with the wearing of a neate Boote, and a cleane band, to catch my loue napping as Mosse catcht his Mare; but Venus be my good speede, and Cupid send me good lucke, for my heart is, verie light, and I feare tis but like a Candle, burnt into the Socket, which lightens a little before it goes out.

Peg. I most feare tis Lightning before Thunder, I pray haue a care ye hold fast.

Nan: Come, thou hast such a running wit, tis like an Yrish foote-boy, I feare twill rob thee of all thy friendes, and then runne from thee and leaue.

But I pray thee tell me one thing.

Peg. I will an't be a good thing?

Nan: Hast thou thy Maiden-head yet?

Peg. My Maiden-head ! faith I.

Nan: Come prethee doe not lye, for they say tis lost lying, and by the strength of my little vertue, I wonder (for mine own part) to see how this foolish virginity is esteem'd when there is such daunger in the keeping it, for who doth not know that the barren wombe is curst? & all know Virgins haue no children: besides, Women shall be saued by the bearing of Children, how think'st thou, are they?

Peg. Nay, I cannot tell, you were best trie.

Nan. Indeed they say tis good to trie before one trust.

Peg: But I pray thee tell me one thing now.

Nan: And whats that?

Peg: The reason why thou art come runne-away from

Cupids VVhirligig.

thy Father, considering the fore-man of your Shop, mee thought was a good handsome fellow.

Nan: Tis true, so he was, but he had no leysure to keepe me companie a workie-dayes, for crying (what doe you lacke) and a Holy-daies he would be at stool-ball amongst the boyes, when I bad most need of him: but to tell thee the true cause, of my comming away; I should haue marryed a young vntiristie Lorde, one that will giue his verie soule to a faire Woman, and faith sometimes though shee be neuer so foule, yet he will lend her his bodie: hee had neuer a hayre on his beard this three or foure yeare, but might a bene an vtter barrestler, for they haue moulted all fiue or fixe times: hee's like death, hee spares none, young nor olde, rich nor poore, faire nor foule, he takes all.

Peg: Well Nan well, thou art happie, thou wer't borne vnder a good Planet, thou hast store of suters, but prethee looke, is there none heares our counsaile?

Nan: No none, speake boldly Lasse.

Peg: I thinke an ill starre raigned when I was borne, I cannot haue as much as a suite; This Maister Nucome, that you forsooth so much scorne: I could finde in my heart to pray nine times to the Moone, and fast three Saint Annes Eues, so that I might bee sure to haue him to my Husband.

Nan: I, thou wouldst haue him dreaming, but not waking I am sure.

Peg: Not waking! yea, and a bed too, for here I vow euen by the chastest thoughts that ere was nurc'd within Dianacs breast, and by those purple droppes chaste Lucrez spilt, and by the vnstainde coullour of a Maidens-blush; that I will proue as true vnto his bedde, as ere did she that did Vlisses wedde.

Nan: Nay, since I haue refus'de a Lord, by this light, I scorne to marry any, vnder the degree of a Knight.

Peg: No, I would not haue a Knight if I might, for there are so manie, as they are forgotten what they be.

Nan: Nay, then I see you are deceiu'd! why woman,

Cupids VVhirligig.

be forgotten, for they haue book'd themselves downe a purpose, I knowe aboue three and twenty in one Mercers books in Cheap-side: then iudge thou how many are in all their bookes, and there is that will bee a witnesse, I warrant you to after ages, what their fore-fathers haue beene.

Peg: I, but that's but their faultes, yet you knowe their calling is honourable though.

Nan: Faith thou sayest true, I must needes say, Knight-hood is like Marriage (now adayes, which though't bee honorable amongst all men, yet is beggarly with a great manie: but come shal's goe to dinner, and see what stomacke I haue to my vittails, for yfaith I haue none to a Husband: I would not taste a morsell of a man for any money.

Peg: O that's because thou art not hungrie.

Nan: T'is true indeed, a little bit would fill my bellie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ladie, and Slacke after her.

La. O my vnkinde Husband, why doest reiect mee? if not on thee, where should I fixe my loue to haue reward?

Enter Wages.

Sla. Heere, where you are, in deere and hie regard.

Lad: Alas thou art a man of meane condition.

Slac. Your loue to mee, will breede the lesse suspicion, Fortune denie's mee wealth: all ill vpon her, Yet I haue courage to defend your honour, Madame, you reason haue to be vniust: A wicked Husband makes an vnkind wife. Men bragge, that women weaker creatures be, Yet you must suffer all grosse iniurie, With silence too, and lowlinesse of spirit, And then forsooth a good wiues name you meritt. A goodly purchase sure to bee a slaue, Vnto a slaue, till you goe to the graue. Eue had a soule as well as Adam, All soules are masculine, holde freedome Madam. If strength of bodie make the noblest creature, Why should not Lyons be the Kings of nature?

Cupids VVhirligig.

The strongest Creatures govern'd are by sence,
And there thy soule hath little residence.
Philosophers say the Element of fire,
Is actiue, purest, aptest to aspire :
Of which you women, haue the lesser portion,
Which makes your braines beget colde Notion.
I graunt that Adam was created so,
But since his fall, all thinkes doe backward goe.
Now actiue heart, gets murther, theft, and rapin :
Tis thy Charret which all vice doth ride in.
Against whose ille's, women could temper spurnes,
Giue me the heart which warmes, not that which burnes.
O hatefull is the state you now doe holde,
Worse then the Slaue that is for money solde.
For you must money giue to buy your euils,
And binde your selues to some incarnate diuels.
Be but chiefe steward in their drudgerie,
Bring forth their Brats with your liues jeopardie.
Scarce dare you giue an olde sleeue from your arme,
But they crie-out, you'r vnder Couert-batne.

La. Presumptuous slaue, whose flesh vpon thy boane,
Thy Maister iust may challenge as his owne :
Which by the dead scrapt from his trencher got,
Is quickned now, to cut the giuers throat :
Thou venom'd Snake, frozen with beggerie;
Now being thaw'd by thy Maisters bountie.
Wouldst sting the bosome that did reuiue thee,
And like a viper gnaw, who first conceiu'd thee.
Full argument of a seruile spirit,
For noble harts will gratifie each merit.

Exit Lady.

Slac. Yea, are ye vanished ?

Wag: Why how now fellow Slacke, what is shee gone ?

Slac. S'life what should I do now to stop this slaues venom'd breath, for feare it infect my reputation with my new Maister ? this time was ill taken, yet something I must doe, fellow Wages, how long hast thou beene heere ?

Wag. Euer since fortune denide thee wealth: all ill vpon her: but thou hast courage to defend her honour.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Sla. S'ligh' hee hath heard all.

Why man tw'as my Maister set me onely to trie her.

Wag. Nay, like enough, for I see hee would willinglie proue an accessarie to the stealing of his owne goods.

Enter Knight.

Sla. True, and looke heere he comes, but I pray thee say nothing, let me tell him of it.

Wag. Who I? not a word, my mouth is as close as a faulconers pouch, or a Country-wēches placket. (reason for't.

Kn. She would neuer cuckold me, but that she hath some

Sla. True sir, there is nothing done, but there's reason for it, (if a man could finde it) for what's the reason your Cittizens wiues continually weare Hats, but to shewe the desire they haue alwayes to be couered. Or why doe your Semsters spend their time in pricking, and your Ladies in poking of ruffles; but onely to shew they do as they would be done vnto? or why doe your Innes-of-Court-man lie with his Laundresse in a long Vacation, but because he hath no money to goe abroad? Or why doe your old iudges widowes alwayes marry young Gentlemen, but to shew that they loue execution better then iudgement?

Kn. O, but I wonder much shee would not giue mee leaue to make my first childe my selfe.

Sla. Foe; she knew you were but a Prentice to the occupation, & commonly Prentices spoyle their first worke, and being vnskilfull, shee was loath you should practise in a good Shop, and therefore shee befriended you, because shee would haue it well done: shee gat a better workman to doe it for you. For what's the reason the younger brothers (according to the old-wiues Tales) alwayes prooued the wisest men; but because the Fathers grewe more skilfull at the last, then they were at the first? but I thinke your wiues eldest sonne will prooue an excellent fellow, because she had the helpe of so many in the making of it. For commonly, if one haue a thing to be done, as a conueyance to be drawne, or a Case in the Law to be argued, a man would haue the helpe of as many good Lawyers as he could get:

Cupids VVhirligig.

now this case of making Children, and a case in the Law, is something like; for as one Lawyer takes his fee, and deales in't, another Lawyer comes, and argues the case more profoundly: but in the ende (when all is done) leaues it to bee tryed by the Iurie, in whome the right is, and so must you: when they and you, and all haue done your best, yet in the end, must leaue it to bee tryed by your wife, whose the Childe is; for a womans knowledge in this case, is better then twelue mens.

Kni. O Slacke, I hate her worse then the worst sinne that is.

Wag. And I pra'y which sinne doe you most hate?

Kni. That which is moste like her, which if thou wilt repeate——

Sla: Ile tell their conditions.

Kni. Andil, which is most like her.

Wag. Then the first is Pride.

Sla. I would haue that sinne burnt for a witch, it changes men into so many shapes.

Wag. The next is murther.

Sla: O! that's a thirstie sinne, for nought can quench it but blood.

Wag. What is Theft?

Sla. Faith the greatest fault that I can finde in that, is, it couzens the Scriueners, for it borrowes money without giuing any obligation.

Wag. Couerousuette.

Sla: O! that's an excellent sinne, for to deale with, a that hath a loose bellie, for't will binde any man for ten grotes.

Wag. What is sloath then?

Sla: Faith Sloath is a good Maidenly Greene-sicknes sinne.

Wag. But Leachery my Ladie?

Sla: O that's the suckingst sinne that a man can bee acquainted withall, it cannot endure to bee in companie, it creepes into corners, and hides it selfe in the darke still,

Wag. What saist then to drunkenesse?

Cupids VVhirligig.

Sla. O that's a most gentlemanlike sinne, it scornes to be beholding for what it receiues in a mans house, it commonly leaues it againe at his doore.

Wag. Nay, then Leacherie scornes to bee beholding too, for I haue knowne what it hath recei'd in a mans house, it hath sent home againe nine moneths after, and layen at his doore, and therefore the more Gentlemanlike sinne a great deale, because it takes the longer time of repayment, but I pray sir now, which of all this is most like your wife.

Kni. Murther, for nought can quench her thirst of lust, but now I soone shall finde his villany, prais'd bee my vigilant care: which if I doe espie, ile turne her off.

Wag. Alas, alas sir, you haue no reason to bee angrie, much lesse to bee diuorced, although shee doe transgresse, are you not cut? haue yee not giuen her cause, is it not of meere necessitie shee doth it? Therefore if you follow my counsaile, make her amends with kindnesse, and put not her away.

Kni. Belieue me he speaks wisely, and good counsaile, like a Ladie, is to be imbraced.

Sla. Not put her away, and if shee wrong him. If he doe not, I say he is one of the arrant blocks that euer man spurned on: why is he not a Gentleman, a Knight, hath a not scene fashion? Syr, I would haue you beare a noble minde, put her away and you list, tis no matter for cause, if shee change but a trencher with the Groome of your Stable, tis dealing enough to be diuorced. Therefore put her away, and then you may haue another wife.

Kni. Another wife?

Sla. True a gallant, and yet a modest Ladie too, one that shall nourish no blood but your owne, tender your reputation as the apple of her eye, and honour euen your verie foot-steps.

Kni. Shee shall goe, ile make her trusse vp her Trinckets, faith she shall away.

Wag. Shall she away? if she doe, you doe you know not what, you draw a thousand thousand enemies about your

Cupids VVhirligig,

cares, her kindred theill exclaime, no friendes will seeke reuenge, and your enemies will growe euen fat with laughter at your follie. Besides, what woman then will haue you, are you not gelded? assure your selfe that now there is none will loue you, most will hate you, but all will scorne you, therefore by my aduice, make much of her, and keepe her while you haue her.

Kni: Hah! now by the vertue of my hearing, he speaks but reason.

Sla. So, t'is good to keepe her still: dwell in the Subburbs, to breake downe your owne glasse-windowes, set some pickes vpon your hatch, and I pray professe to keepe a Bawdy-house.

Kni. A Bawdy-house? no, ile die first, and if I see but any apparēt shew of her disloyaltie, ile euen be diuorced immediately.

Exit Knight and Slacke.

Wag. Well, I see the substance of this Slaue is villanie.

But ile preuent him euen what I can,

Since none is worse then a Seruing honest man. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Actus Quarti, Scen. prima.

Enter Knight and Slacke.

Kni. Why, had I not a good legge? did I not alwayes weare cleane lining? was not my hand washed, my beard comb'd, my cloake brushed, and my shoes blacked, euery morning?

Sla. True; why the more viler strumpet shee, to cuckold you.

Kni. But how doe'st know she is with childe?

Sla: Knowe it, why shee's daylie troubled with water-pangs, and quakings ouer her stomacke.

Kni. Indeed I must needs say that's a great prooffe, she hath fild her bellie with something that stood against her stomacke; but doe'st not thinke tis my childe?

Slack: Yours! why how can't be yours: are you not

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circumcised to the quicke.

Kni. Yes, and the remembrance of it galles me.

Slac. Thats a signe ye are too patient, and like an Asse indure all without resistance.

Kni. Ha, ha, ha.

Slac. But why doe you laugh sir?

Kni. To thinke who the childe will be like.

Slac. Why you, who should it be like else?

Kni. Why tis none of mine man.

Slac. Wny the more like you for that : why doe you not knowe the Philosophers holde the Childe is alwayes like the partie which the mother thinkes off in the Conception : Nowe shee thought most of you, for feare you should a come the whiles, and that's the reason so manie Gentlemens sonnes are like your Citizens, and calles them fathers too ; For otherwise, how could it be that a young Cockney being left fortie or fifty thousand pounds, spends all within so many moneths, but that some young gallant begat him: for you know the Prouerb, Cat will after kinde. No, had the olde Citizen begotten him, hee would a bit a Fig in two, to haue made euē weight, & haue had a pot with a false bottome, rather then a solde too much measure, hee would haue done all things within measure, as your old Citizen did, and not a spend all beyond measure, as your young Gallants doe.

Kni. But were not I best goe home and vse her well, till the childe be borne, to see if it be like mee, that I may be sure tis none of mine?

Slac. O no, that were base, and as deceitfull as the Collicke, when it breakes out in winde, which leuels at a mans heele, and it strikes him in the nose ; therefore neuer make a shewe of one thing, and doe another, but put her away, rid your hands of her, and there's an end.

Kni. I thinke who's the father of the Bastard?

Slac. Why, who's the Father of a Punckes Childe? is it not *Filius populi* ; it may haue two Fathers for anie thing wee know.

Kni. Well Slacke, I do very much mistrust Wages too,

Cupids Whirligig.

for hee is growne very familiar of late.

Sla. True sir, and takes her part too, and ye marke him.

Kni. I marke him: no Slack no, pray heauen a mark not me, but ile instantly sue out a diuorce, hap, what hap shall, but ill's his hap whose wife lies downes to all. *Exit Knight.*

Enter Wager.

Wag. Of all honest animall's your Cuckold is the best, for he is sure a Gentleman, and knowne by his crest.

Sla. Of all the occupations that euer man profess, In my opinion still doth hold, the Cut-purse is the best.

Wag. And why the Cut-purse?

Sla. Because hee will trust no man, for as soone as he hath done his worke, hee is sure to haue his money in his hand.

Wag. Nay then a Lawyer is a better trade then that, for he is sure of his money before hee doth his worke.

Wag. But I pray thee what's the newes abroad now?

Wag. Why they say the world is like a Byas bowle, and it runnes all on the rich mens sides: others say, t'is like a Tennis-ball, and fortune keepes such a Racket with it, as it tosses it into times hazard, and that deuoures all, and for my part they say, twill shortly runne vpon wheelles with me, for my Maister sweares a will haue me carted, because a thinkes I haue layen with my Ladie.

Sla. Nay then twill runne vpon wheelles with thee indeed, but peace foole peace, when thou art once married, that suspect will die.

Wag. Peace foole peace, saist thou when I am married? dost heare? I tell thee there is no peace in marriage, vnlesse it bee with a dumbe woman, no nor but little comfort neither.

Sla. No way? why doth the Ballad say then, So sweete a thing is Loue, that rules both heart & minde, there is no comfort in the world to women that are blinde.

Wag. Kinde (man) the Ballet sayes.

Sla. Maile I thinke a be kinde indeede, yet blind's the better of the two I think, for as thou saist, if she be dumbe, I am sure sheele say nothing that shall offend her husband:

Cupids Whirligig.

if blinde, shee'le see nothing that shall offend her, and where he nor shee's offended, there must needs be a peace: but besides this, is there no peace thinkest thou in the marriage of a wife.

Wag: Yes by the mans side, like a Gentleman onely by the fathers side, but t'will nere be any perfit peace.

Slac: Why, why wilt thou marry then?

Wag. Because I hope to haue some good behauiour of my wife, for the peace I neuer looke for: but soft ye fellow Slacke, me thinks your sute is like a hard-harted Landlord, it begins to receiue great rents.

Slac. I, I would, my Maister had giuen mee a suite of Buffe when he gaue me this.

Wag. Phoe, Buffe is nought man, that hath bene out of request euer since Souldiers haue bene out of date, & they poore men are now vsde like Almanakes of the last yeare, either clapt vp behinde the doore, or thrust cleane out of doore: but if thou wilt haue a suite that shall last indeed (lad) get thee a suite in Law.

Slac. O, I doe not like such a suite, for commonly they that haue many of them goe almost naked for want of clothes, yet I cannot denie but they are very lasting, but they are subiect to many discōmodities: so if there be any goodnes in one of them, your Lawyers like moaths, cate shroad holes to it, but your Countrey-Attorneys (like lice) neuer leaue wrighting and wrangling, till they haue crep't into it, but when it hath bene well worne and growne thrid-bare, they euen like Lice drop off, and leaue it.

Wag. What saist thou by a suite at Court then?

Slac: I marry Syr, I like that well, for commonly hee that hath but one suite, when hee comes there, hath two ere he come away; for if hee sue by Petition, it lyes so long in your Courtiers pocket, that it is anothere sute to get his Petition backe againe. There is none suddenlie dispatched of his suite there but a Taylor, marrie hee stayes not at all, vnlesse his suite bee to haue money for his suite, and so hee makes his suite two suites too ere hee goe. But come on, shall wee goe see what followes af-

Cupids VVhirligig.

ter our Maisters new diuorce.

Wag. Why is a diuorc'd?

Slac. I, I thinke by this time, for he swore he would be presently. By my troth, I am sorry for it, for in my conscience it is without cause, it grieues me to see him in these humors; for I thanke his worship hee hath euer vsed mee well, I am bound to pray for his life.

Wag. And mee thinks that's a straunge thing, I see no reason for't that any Seruing-man should pray for his Maisters life, considering all that hee haue, is in reuerfion of him: but come, let's follow him, for if hee misse vs, heele fret like a gregrom; I, and fume like a stue-pot.

Slac. And let him fume, O would his gall would burst with indignation, then should his temper procreate my blisse, and enioy that Saint incarnate, but what shall I doe, since base nor noble shape can win, a third ile trie.

And if that faile Knight, go to Church and pray;
For vengeance wings brings on thy lethall day.

Exeunt. Wages.

Enter the olde Lord alone.

Lor. Hee that a long waie voyage takes in hand, feares dangerous gultes at Sea and stormes.

At land conquering colde that cripels curssed age, and doubts least every cloud should proue a storme, and beate his wearyed carcasse to the earth. But O, I would to God my longest Iourney vnto death were to bee tane, for I doe cast no doubts, hauing lost all comforts; My Sonne, I feare, is dead; The losse of him, makes life to mee but like a blister on my flesh, which grieues mee much, and nought can ease, vnlesse it breakes. O whilst hee liued his presence was a force vnto my age, and gaue it such a luster, as did enrich my Ring of Life: for Life is but a ring, beginning in our weakenesse, going round, till vnto weakenesse wee retorne againe: then to the ground. The world it selfe is but a skilfull game at Chesse, which being ended, Kings and Queenes, Bishops and Knights

Cupids VVhirligig.

into one bagge are throwne at last : So all of vs both poore and rich, shall in the ende into the earth, as into a bagge be cast : Mans life is like vnto a Shippe, that crost by Tempests and by Tides, some thoughts of his like billowes, swell him vp aloft, another strikes him downe. Thus man as on a Sea, is toste, in fairest weather feares a storme, and in a storme the euent, but in the end hee sinckes, when life is spent : grieve hath no boundes in teares, it ebbes and flowes.

Till it haue drowned life, and ended woe.

Enter Lady, Nan, and Wages.

Lady: But Wages, is there no meanes (thinkest thou) to turne by it, nor to force backe his streame of wrath.

Wag. Yet ile warrant ye Madame, if youle be rul'de by me, you shall see ile make him seeke to be friends with you, and intreate mee to speake for him too, but then I would haue you seeme a little strange : but you shall directlie raile on him. Therefore I would haue you hide your selues here behinde the hangings, for t'will not bee long ere hee come this way, and then you shall come forth, and frame your behauiour according as our discourse shall require.

Nan: Maſſe heere he comes, lets stand close.

Lady: We will, and Heauen assist thy project.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Now Wages, what newes with you?

Wag. That which I thinke will helpe you from beeing diuorc'd.

Kni: What's that?

Wag. Why, your Ladie is not with childe.

Kni. Ist possible?

Kni. Why how should shee, vnlesse some Hob-goblin, some *Incubus* or spirit of the Butterie should beget it? why shee, since you were gelded, neuer saw a man but through a window: she hath neuer trod her foot awry, for feare some ill construction shuld attend her steps, which like a boundles Ocean deepe inrag'd, would drowne her reputation.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Kni: Not with Childē faiest thou?

Wag. Not of my word Syr.

Kni: Wages, I would thou wouldst but doe some charitable offices?

Wag. What? make ye friends againe?

Kni: True.

Wag. But you'le prooue false, and breake that friendshippe?

Kni: Neuer, as I hope to be reconcil'de, therefore tell mee, wilt thou doo't?

Wag. Hum: truely I would doe my good will, but I feare twill be but labour lost.

Knight: I pray thee doe but trie; yfaith thou shalt not loose thy paines.

Wages: O lasse sir, you know I must feede on Quailles.

Knight: That was in my furie man, but wilt thou not doe it?

Wag: Pray sir, if ye can get some other friend to speake in't, do.

Kni: Well, thou wilt leaue me now then?

Wag. Alas Syr, what would you haue me doe? by my Troth sir, I am asham'd to speake in't: haue ye not gelded and cutte off all the content of Marriage? why they that haue the full performance of it, t'is as much as they can doe to please their Wiues; and you that want all abilitie, must not onely please her now, but make her amends for the wrong you haue done her heretofore, & how haue I the face to promise that which I knowe you haue no meanes to performe it?

Kni. Alas man, ile doe my good will.

Wag. Doe your good will, and that's much worth sure, yet since you haue bene my Maister, the world shall not say but ile doe what I can, ile perswade what I may, ye shall see there shall be no fault in mee.

Enter Ladie and Nan.

Maister here she comes, what will you doe now?

Kni. Ile hide me heere, and so I shall heare all what shee
sayes.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Wag. O this is excellent, come, come, come, and stand close, he shall heare how ile speake for ye: and if ye heare your pardon graunted come forth.

Kni. I warrant ye.

Wag. Morrow Madame.

Lad. Morrow Wages.

Wag. Morrow Mistris Nan.

Nan. Morrow Wages.

Wages. The Foxe is caught; his Head is in the Nouze.

Nan. Peace, speake soft; perswade, perswade.

Wag. Faith Madame I haue a sute vnto you, but I am halfe asham'd to speede in't.

Kni. S'light, the Rogue sayes hee is asham'd to speake for mee, hyst Wages, hyst wages.

Nan. Madam, your man would make an ill suter, that is ashamde to speake in his sute.

Wag. What the Diuell aile you, what are you madde? youle bee spide anon.

Knight. A Poxe on thee! Ar't not ashamde to tell her, thou art asham'de to speake for mee? Hyst, hyst, Wages.

Wages. I thinke the Foole rides you; what will you haue?

Kni. Doe'st heare Wages, speake for mee; and by this light ile mend thy wages.

Wag. By how much?

Kni. Fortie shillings.

Wag. Fortie shillings.

Kni. Three pound, three pound.

Wag. Giue me your hand, ile do it.

Lad. But what's your sute, Wages?

Wag. That you would forgiue your Husband.

Ladie. What; and receiue his Loue againe; you meane?

Wag. I Madam.

Lad. Marry that were a jest indeed; Beeing as hee is now a woman would hee

Cupids VVhirligig.

ducks : Trulic Wages I am ashamde in your behalfe, that a man of your discretion would vrge it, therefore prethee speake no more on't, ile tell thee what, I could finde in my heart to speake for him my selfe, but that t'is such a jealous foole, that if he catch but a Flea in her bedde, he will be searching to see if it bee a Male or a Female, for feare a comes to Cuckold him.

Lad. Well Wages well : to tell thee truely, I beare no malice, and if I wist he would amend, I should forgiue and loue him with my heart againe.

Enter Knight.

Kni. Yea-faith I will wife.

Ladie : Why how now Wages ! haue you betrayde vs ?

Wages : I, Madam, but t'is into the handes of those that loue yee.

Nan : Well Wages well, I did not thinke you would haue v'sde vs thus.

Ladie : Is there honestie in this, to set a man behind the Hangings to euise-drop our words?

Knight : Bee not angrie sweete Wife, yfaith it was my plotte ; but you haue beene a heauie enemy of mine.

Nan : T'was more for my credit, then to haue beene your lightfriend.

Knight. Be friends with mee good wife, for heere I doe confesse,

Nan: Your jealousie sprung from your owne vnworthynesse.

Kni. T'is true.

Ladie: Then in hope youle kinder prooue, I am content ;

For this knowe ; that a Womans heart will soone relent.

Kni: Then come wife, let's in.

And Wages thy paines deserues to be requited :

For separated hearts thou hast vnited.

Exeunt omnes.

Cupids Whirligig.

Enter Nucome singing, with a Glasse in his hand, and making himselfe readie.

Nan: La, la, la, la, they marched out manly by three, and by three, and the formoste in Battaille, was Mary Hanbrie. Will you heare of a Spanish Ladie, how she wooed an English-man: hum, hum, hum.

Boy.

Boy: Heere sir.

Nuc: Is the Taylor gone?

Boy: Gone, sir.

Nuc: Goe, fetch me my Doublet then.

Boy: I goe Syr. *Exit Boy.*

Nuc: Hum, hum, hum, by the greatest terror to Gentilitie, which indeede is Creditors and Sergeants; this Roaguish Taylor came vpon me with such a bill, as a man were better haue ten Constables and their Watchies come vpon him with their billes: why (good words, or a douzen of Ale will please them) but nothing will stoppe this Rogues mouthes but money; and yet yfaith I am greatly in his bookes, for though I misuse him neuer so much, yet the Rogue durst not crosse me!

Enter Boy.

Let me see Boy, make this a prettie Doublet.

Boy. The Taylor Syr, intreates you to remember your day.

Nuc. My day? Gods light, my day? Why what doth a take me for, I thinke?

Boy. A takes you for a Gentleman sir, I thinke.

Nuc: A Gentleman, and remember my day; No, ile hold my life hee takes me for some Marchant, or Citizen, but ile make him know my strength, ere I leaue him, hee shall finde a second Sampson of mee. I can breake my bonds Boy, I can, I can.

Boy: But come sir, will you trie your Doublet first.

Nuc: O I, come, come plucke, but take heede of my russe I pray thee, this doublet is too little, a poxe in him.

Boy. Not now heere on Sir.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc: No when hee is off, I meane Boy.

Boy: Belieue it Syr, but it becomes ye well though.

Nu: Doth it indeed? maile I tkinke it doe, me thinkes I haue a reasonable good legge in't.

Boy. So you haue sir, but your heele is a little too short.

Nuc: Yea, why too short?

Boy: Because your long heele sir, doth alwayes best become your great Calfe.

Nuc: Why? my Calfe is not very great.

Boy: O sir yes, why a man shall not see a greater Calfe of your age, for I thinke you are not aboute twentie.

Nuc: Not so much, but come helpe off my Doublet now.

Boy: I will sir.

Nuc: Come, ile see how twill looke heere, and go thou and watch the doore, that no bodie come the whilst, hum, hum, hum, if I had a band for't.

Boy: Why, that about your necke sir.

Nuc: But what if any bodie should come the whilst?

Boy: Why doe not I keepe the doore?

Nuc: Maile that's true: hum, hum, hum:

O t'is Maister Nucome, I know him, a fine Gentleman, yfaith ile salute him by and by, as I passe: Maister Nucome I take it, I crie ye heartily mercie, good Maister Nucome, I am glad to see you in good health sir, I shall intreate you to pardon mee, I protest I did not know you in that suite, you haue a very faire Doublet on; The Gods giue you ioy sir: There is neuer a Lord in the Land may be ashamed to weare it sir; rap, rap, rap, rap.

Gods light carrie away my Doublet, quickly, quickly.

Boy: I warrant ye sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Enter a Seruingman.

Nuc: Gods pretious my Bande, what shall I doe now?

Ser: By your leaue sir, my Mistris, Mistris Peg sent to see how your worship doth.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nuc: I thanke her very heartily, I pray commend me to her.

Ser: Ile doe your commendations Syr, but I pray you be couered sir, I pray you be couered.

Nuc: I thanke ye heartily, 'tis for mine ease, the weather is hot, hot, very hot.

Ser: So it is indeed Syr, well sir; By your leaue sir, ile be so bolde sir, as to carry your commendations sir.

Nuc: Doe so good friend; farwell, farwell. *Exit Seruing.*

What a Beast was I to put off my band, yet the griefs the lesse, because he came from Peg, which is a Wench I must confesse doates on my exterior vertues, but I can by no meanes affect her; onely, because the poore Wretch, in heate of her passion, shall not melt her selfe away in teares, she sometimes inforceth mee to sweare and protest I affect her: marry alwayes with mentall reseruations, for my soules health. For you know that sometimes it is pollicie, Courtiers and Statesmen should vse fallacie.

Exit Nucome.

Enter Ladie, with a Seruant.

Ladie: Giue charge vnto the Cooke a make not too much haste with Supper, for I hope your Maister will bee heere to night, and looke you keepe fast the doore, let no man trouble me.

Ser: I will Madam.

Lad: Now thankes gentle Heauen; O be you smiling still on my designes, and let your influence powre downe good Fortunes: and bee not angrie, nor no more Maleuolent, but make my Husbands reconciliation irreuocable.

Enter Captaine Wouldly, and Seruingman.

Ser: Syr, I shall be shent for letting of you in.

Capt: S'blood I tell thee I will speake with her, what wouldst thou barre my chaunce, when my whole fortunes lies on the cast?

Cupids VVhirligig.

La: O Heauens, starres, Fates, Gods, smile not like Summer on these Wasps no longer, that daily buzzing come to sting my honour.

Capt: Saue thee sweete Ladie, I heare thy Husband is from home, which makes mee come to tender thee my persons loue.

Lad: Your parsons Loue (sir) is most commonly a benefice; O that I should be troubled with this Assc now: doe you heare sir, if my Husband should come and finde you here, wee were both vndone.

Cap: Your Husband, your Husband is an Assc, by this light and he should offer you but an ill looke in my sight, t'were better he had no eyes: but t'is your owne fault, that would not ere now accept of the loue of a Soldiar, to haue kept the slaue in some awe.

Ser: O! how reprochfully the Captaine swaggers, ile away, for feare he grow furious. *Exit Seruant.*

Cap: But doe'st here me sweete Ladie, I haue loued thee long, & must now enioy thee. Feare nothing, this warlike sword of mine shall defend thine honor; this martiall blade shall doo't, life it shall ysaith. *Rap, rap, rap.*

Lad: Harke, harke, my Husband is come..

Shee lookes through the Doore.

Cap: Your Husband ha! where, where?

La: Tis not hee; but ile trie my Captaines valour now. O sir, my Husband, what shall I doe now? he hath a Pistoll in his hand too, hee will kill vs both.

Cap: A pistoll? cods my life, what shall I do pray hide me somewhere.

La: O no! as ye loue mee, must inie fend my honour, draw forth this warlik Martiall blade must doe it; therefore Captaine: Now or neuer.

Cap: Gods precious woman, hee no shield against a bullet.

Lo: O no, no, tis but a sword, n

Cupids Whirligig.

Cap. That's all one, for Ioues sake hide me, if you can.

Ladie. Why? durst you not encounter with him sword to sword?

Cap. Durst I yes I durst, and beat him too, but for your reputation, your honout, it will call your Name in question.

Rap, rap, rap.

Lad. O it is no matter for that, Harke, harke, defend me but from his furie now, and I care not for that.

Cap. Death of man, what should I doe now? Why, looke yee *Ladie*, in your defence I would beate him like a Dogge, but he will haue the Lawe on mee, he will yndoe me with actions.

Shee lookes at the doore againe.

Lad. Belieue me Captaine I haue bene mistaken all this while, it is but a poynard that he hath in his hand.

Cap. Soule of vallour Woman, the most daungerous thing in the world, a may either throwe it, or stabbe suddenly. (you.

Ladie. Faith Captaine I knowe not where I should hide

Cap. Why anie where sweete *Ladie*, and it bee ynder your Farthingale.

Lad. No, no, come stand heere.

Cap. Where, where, quickly, pray quickly.

Lad. Stand close, take heed, doe not moue till I call you.

Cap. I warrant ye.

Ladie. Well Captaine, I hope I haue cool'd your courage, for comming here againe, and now ile goe see who is at the dore.

Shee opens the doore, and enters Maister Exhibition.

Your sweete lippes faire *Ladie*.

more Flesh flies, what shall I doe with them?

he hath dealt mee a bad game, by the

edges thus; that these twoo Knaues

rettie sweete dwelling here *Ladie*; I

to vncase my selfe.

wee shall haue Musicke, for they

de to the company.

He

Cupids VVhirligig,

first make winged speede to purchase my Diuorce, holde,
heeres money, make haste, vse no delay,
For all men must for expedition pay.

Slac. I goe, and you shalbe diuorc'd, or else my braine
shall swet: for what your folly looseth, my wit shall get.

*Enter Slacke at one doore, and enter Wages
at the other.*

Knight: O Wages, ile tell thee Newes, I haue sent for
a diuorce, and what wilt thou say when I am married to a
newe wife?

Wag. Then Syr will I say as the Prouerbe sayes, marri-
age and hanging comes by Destinie: but if yee be diuor-
ced, & will follow my counsaile, you shall hang your selfe,
rather then marrie againe.

Kni. No Wages, I doe not holde that so good: for sure,
marriage is better then hanging in some.

Wag. True, in some respect, and that onely because you
haue a longer time of repentance; but I pray sir, ist a Chri-
stian that you meane to marrie? (Iew?

Kni. A Christian! I, why doe'st thinke I would marry a

Wag. I doe not like them so well Syr, because it is the
fashion amongst them to send Capons to their Godfathers
for New-yeares giftes, and vpon my life sir, sheele one time
or other clappe you vp in a basket, and send you away for
good handsell: but I pray sir who is it?

Kni. Peg; is shee not a fine Gentlewoman?

Wag. Beyond praise.

Kni. Hath shee not a piercing Eye?

Wages: And t'were a Ferrit.

Knight: A delicate Nose?

Wag: And it were a Mulberrie.

Kni: Teeth like two rowes of Orient pearle.

Wag. But the string is broken, and manie of them are
fallen out.

Kni: Hands as white as Pelops shoulder.

Kni. I, and as thicke too.

Knight: Wages.

Cupids Whirligig.

Wages. Syr.

Kni. Goe to her, and measure by thy protestations the depth of my affections: tell her what I will bee to her, not what I haue bene to others; if she alleadge to thee her couzens presupposed wrongs, tell her, I well could haue bene hood-winck'd to her couzens faultes, so I had neuer scene her face.

Wag. But what shall I tell her if she say you are gelded?

Kni. I there's it indeed, there is no excuse for that; yet thou maist tell her, I did it onely to preserue my voyce. Deliuer this jewell to her handes, and with it, euen my hearts affection.

Wag. I will sir, and if the Wenches close, my projectes carry; spite of mischance, you shall your owne wife marrie.

Exit Wages.

Knight: Now I must be frolicke, learne to speake well, and wooe with a good garbe: and now I thinke on't, I haue a pretie conceite of mine owne, I will tell her that the wooing of a young Wench is the felling of a Tree, and the getting of her friendes good will, like the lopping of the Tree. Therefore first it behooues me to heaw downe the Tree, and then ile climbe with ease: but if at first, to fell it I be not able, t'assay to climbe it shall be in vaine. Welcome, hast thou brought the diuorce?

Enter Slacke.

Sla. T'is heere Syr.

Knight: Come then, lets in; it ioyes mee much that thou so soone hast sped:
For houres seeme yeeres, till it published.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ladie, Nan, and Peg.

Nan: But tell mee good Madam, why are you so melanchollie?

Ladie: To thinke vpon the sawsie importunitie of my Seruant Slacke: hee is like badge on a Coate, hee is neuer off, off my sleewe and yet I shunne him like the pest.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Peg: And hee followes you like infection.

Nuc: Nay, I would he did so by me, for I protest I loue him beyond my thoughts; I couet nothing like his companie, & yet he hates me, loaths my sight, but then comes the Welsh-man your loue, and hee hangs on my lips like a padlocke on a Pedlars budget.

Peg: And hates mee as much; for if I come but once neere him, hee sweares I am like a Kybe, alwayes at his heeles.

Nan: Come Madam, doe not grieue at that which griefe can no way mend.

Lad: I would not, if I could mend that which doeth cause my griefe.

Enter Wages.

Wages Newes, Newes.

Nan: What Newes?

Wag: You are diuorced.

La: Why diuorced, why? ha, speake.

Wag. Nay, I cannot speake the cause Madam! but questionles t'is true; and Mistris Peg, my Maister now makes loue to you.

Peg: To me?

Nan: To thee, I to thee, goe thy wayes, thou shalt bee a Lady, I euer thought thou wouldst come to some promotion, as the Boy did, that had a bag & a staffe, and beg'd for himselfe, but how doest thou know hee is in loue with her?

Wages: Know't, why I haue scene him stand an houre together behinde an Oaken tree, calling it sweete Mistris, kinde Peg; and making speeches to it.

Nan: As how? as how? prethee how? (ster.

Wag: Stand you for the Tree, and ile speake for my Mai-

Nan: I will; and that most stiffly yfaith. (fesse.

Wag. Then thus he begins; Deare Mist. Peg, I must con-

Nan: Nay then hee is a dead man already.

Wages: Why?

Nan: Why confesse, and be hang'd euer.

Wag: O ho, but I meane hee doth confesse shee's faire.

Nan: That's

Cupids VVhirligig.

Nan: That's all one hee's but one man, and one witnes
can neuer proue her fact, but prethee on with thy speech.

Wag: Why then this, faire Mistris I must confesse.

Nan: But hee will not confesse before witnesse, will he?

Wag: Push, did not I tell you he would speake to an Oke.

Nan: Nay, then that will bee a strong prooffe indeed.

Wages: Prooffe, Nay; if that bee not prooffe, how say
by this Token?

Nan: I Marrie Syr, would wee had more such tokens
of his Loue.

Wag: This Mistris he hath sent to you.

Peg: Looke you Madam, your Husband now makes
loue to me.

Nan: Sir, how peart thou art, why looke woman, your
Loue as mad wooes mee, and to mee sent this Ring.

Lad: And my man, the man you so esteeme, spite of re-
fusall, left with mee this Chaine.

Na: This Chaine: for euer may hee lincked be to woe,
that hates my loue, and woes another so.

Wag: Well, lets in, and be but patient all a while, for if
the worst doe fall, that euer did fall,
A plot's in chace that shall outstrip them all.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Knight, and Cupid before him.

Knight: Now if shee should refuse my jewell and con-
temne my loue, or contemne my loue, and take my jewell;
what a foole was I to send her a Token, till I had some to-
ken of her affection: as if womē might be wooed with gifts,
for when we giue them those things which most we loue,
they doe esteeme wee loue them better then those things
wee giue; when they poore fooles doe but deceiue them-
selues: for we doe giue as Marchants venter, for a treble
againc, we send them Tokens onely to get them and their
portions. But there comes my persecutor.

Enter Ladie.

La. Why doest thou haunt me like a Ghost, thou femall
sinner; thou hast not *holy Church* in thy power with all her
com-

Cupids Whirligig.

commaundements to keepe me from the vnhalloved presence: how durst thou break the Edict pronounced by the mouth of holy Church man? art thou not diuorced? is not our separation blowne into the peoples eares, euen by Iehouahs chosen Trumpetter? First, thou didst breake thy vow to mee, and madest of euery Priapus a Trumpet; on which thou blowedst thine owne infamie: therefore auoid, thou leauend lump of sinfulness, auoide.

O my still beloued Husband, like filth or durt, doe not flea me like a Serpent, which comes to sting thy bosome; I come to kisse; sweet let not suspect diuorce me from thy presence, though from thy bedde, for if you will trust this masked face, I know,

No fountaine purer then my Loue would show.

Kni. I flie and hate thee like a Serpents hissing, which comes to sting me with pretence of kissing. *Exit Knight.*

O faintie teares, and feeble handes, for euer may you close, and neuer part till sharpest griefe haue cut the heart-strings of my life. Or else let this same braine of mine dissolve to teares, and drop it selfe euen drop by drop, vntill it make a Sea of woes, that therein I may drowne my wretched life.

Enter Slacke.

Slac: Alas poore Ladie, I pitie your calamitie, and grieue to see you brused by my Masters iniury, which makes your eyes like sponges droppe these brinish teares, and spoyle a face, such as was neuer better one framde by the skilfull hand of Nature.

Ladie. Auoide thou slave, how durst thou woe me? I am like a starre to thee; my Orb's about thee.

Slacke: O! then my Loue is a most cleare and brightest Starre; looke not with a maleuolent Aspect vppon mee, but let your eyes bright raise vp my life, and so extoll my thoughts into a heauen of ioy.

Lad: Perish may thy selfe and loue together,
Heauens graunt againe, I nere may heare of either.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Slac. What shall I doe?

Enter Nan.

Nan: Respect her most that most of all loues you.

O doe not turne away those eyes, whose radiant beames first nursd my flame.

Slacke. Auoide thou vnresistable Torteror, more fretting to my thoughts then Cancars are to Mettalls. How often haue I told thee of my hatred? For of this bee thou sure and still remembred; deepe hate (like loue) can hardly be dissembled.

Exit Slacke.

Nan: I, doest thou hate me then? O brightest Venus now or neuer make thy blinde Sonne see; and wound his heart, whose hate hath wounded mee.

Enter Nucome.

Nuc: Oh here she is; pray God my Band sit well. Faire Lady, may I presume with the Bee to sucke honny from thy lippes, for I dream'd the last night. (Welsh-man.)

Nan: Nay, I thought he would wooc me dreaming, like a

Nuc: That I was transfigured, metamorphis'd, or transform'd into a flea in thy bed.

Nan: But did not I kill ye then?

Nuc: Me thught you did, but first I dream't I stung you.

Na. Yet againe dreaming, ile talke no more, but be gone, for feare I wake him.

Exit Nan.

Nuc: And then me thought, as I was skipping from your knee vnto your thigh, & so forth; you told a Gentleman of it, a friend of yours; who most courtly and softly putting in his hand to catch me. Spretious shee's gone; sure t'is the accutenes of my ingenuitie which makes my jests so stinging, as she cannot indure them: I must needs eat some of your new court water-gruell, to qualifie my inuention.

Enter Peg.

Peg: Thou need'st not loue, speake what thou wilt, if gently thou doe speake, thy words to mee are much more musicall then is a Syrens voice. Orpheus himselfe could neuer straine his high stretch'd strings to such melodious sounds, as when thy voice doth pierce the eare.

Nu.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nu: Tis but for my wit she loues mee: I sent her trickes
alreadie: for Courtiers must aswell thriving bee,
Haue noses to smell out, as eyes to see.

Exit Nu come.

Peg. Despisde, and left alone, fild brim full of griefe, and
no way to vnload me of my cares.

But through these running eyes, in streames of teares.

Enter Knight.

Kni: Whose teares like to a cleer, yet poysoned source,
haue with their vapours through these eyes (the windowes
to my heart) infected all my thoughts. Thy eyes do shoote
forth glances like to starres, though seated in a moyste and
rainie skie, the which hath wounded euen my heart, and I
must die; Lest Achilles launce-like, healed by your eye,

Peg. I pray you seeke some where else, if you bee ill,
For I in Surgerie haue little skill.

Exit Peg.

Kni. He follow my sute, not ceassing till the most of triall,
For hee's a foole in loue that makes deniall.

Exit Knight.

Cupid. Here bath bene a Maze, a Round,

A Whirligig in loue,

How like the spoakes of a Ladies Coach-wheeles

They runne one after an other:

And as of them you see neither,

So none of these can ouertake either.

And though you see them thus forsaken,

They shall be married, but mistaken:

Which for performance yet awhile,

I must be labouring to beguile.

Onely the men, and make them venter,

To runne a Circle farre from Center

Of their hopes; yet for their good,

Where blinded each like Hawke in hood,

Shall marrie better then they wooed.

Exit Cupid.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Enter Ladie and Wages.

Wages: Nay Madam, it must needes bee so, or else the Priest wil neuer marrie me.

Lv: And so you would haue vs all be marryed masked.

Wag: True, to which you all may easily perswade your Louers, telling them with my martiage, will be with much the lesse suspect effected.

Ladie: But say, who shall kuow vs when our faces are not seene?

Wag: The better; for then you shall appoint each one of them to chuse you by their owne Tokens, which you within your selues shall chaunge: Mistris Peg shall weare Mistris Nans Ring, Mistris Nan your Chaine, and you Mistris Pegs jewell.

Lad: But shall they need to come masked too?

Wag: O I, by any meanes, onely for some private reasons vnto mee, in which perswasion if you will practise that you know, you will preuaile.

Ladie: Ile doe my best most willingly.

Wag: Then come Madam, let's in; I know it will doe: For this is held a principle in Schooles,
Loue makes not fooles wise men, but wise men fooles.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter foure Boyes.

1 Nominatio hic, hæc, hoc.

2 A Nowne is the name of a thing.

3 Amo, amas, amaui, amare.

4 In speech be these eight parts.

Enter Maister Correction and Wages.

Ma: Cor: I promise you sir, I had dinde forth to day, but that you see the weather is cloudie, and the Heauens lowre on my delights.

Wag. I pray you sir, whose Sonne is that bigger Boy?

M: C: It is Maister Parmisins sonne the Cheese-monger, and the next to him is Maister Caueas Sonne the Ferry-

Cupids Whirligig.

man, two very prettie sparks ile assure you. Tobias Parmasini, come ye hither Tobias, hold vp your head Tobias, and looke and you can see a pennie in my browe: so, t'is well done; what part of speech is *mentula*?

I A nowne adiectiue.

M. C. And why a nowne adiectiue?

1 Because it stands not by himselfe, but it requires an other word to be ioyned with it.

M. C. Marke you sir, I teach both substance and meaning; I doe not teach as your common people, d, o, b, a, b, b, bottles: Goe sit you downe againe Tobias. Timothy, come ye hither Timothie; How construe you this verse Timothie? *I am, i m, Tacturus, Sidera summa putes.*

2 *I am, iam, O Iohn, Iohn, putes*, doe thou put, *Sidera summa*, Sider in Summer, *Tacturus*, in Tankerds.

Wag. A very forward childe, I promise ye.

Maist. Cor. Goe sit you downe againe; Will you heare them all examined sir?

Wag. Molse willingly good Maister Correction.

M. C. Ye shall sir; Syr, I haue taken as much paines with them, asanie Poet whatsoeuer could haue done, to make them answere vpon their Q. with good action, distinction, & deliberation; ha, ha, ha, how many diuels are there?

2 Number infinite.

M. C. Looke you sir, there are an infinite number of Diuels: What is the diuel?

3 A wicked Spirit.

M. C. What is the nature of that wicked spirit?

4 To worke mischief.

M. C. On whom doth it work mischief?

1 On all mankind.

M. C. When hath hee most power to worke mischief?

2 When man hath taken his liquor.

M. C. With what visitations then deludes he mankind?

3 With strange Earth- quakes.

M. C. What is the mans best comfort?

4 To sleepe and slumber.

M. C. Looke

Cupids VVhirligig.

M. Cor. Looke ye now sir, are they not prettie children?

Wag: Very prettie, and well taught, ile assure you sir.

M. C. Sir, I will tell you, notwithstanding all these paines I take with them, yet how vnkindely their Parents vse me: they suffer their younger Children to beray the Church-porch: And no longer since then Munday last, came the Officiall, and there beeing angrie with mee about other matters, hee threw that in my dish, as if I could haue helped it: but I answered him sufficiently, for I tolde him, they that did it, were but the Children and the youth, and youth would breake out in spite of his nose; or the best mans nose in the parish.

Wages. I thinke ye spend most of your time with your Schollers heere; ye keepe but little other companie.

M. C. Yes somtimes sir, here was yesterday Maister Nume the Courtier, doe you not knowe him sir?

Wages. Overie well sir.

M. C. He is a fine Gentleman, a good Scholler, and an excellent Naturalist: and truely fell into a great disputation, (peace those boyes there) & our argument was whither a foole or a wise man made the best Lawyer. He stood for the wiseman, and I most scholastically stood for the foole: and thus I began my Syllogisme, (peace those Boyes when I bid ye) your wiseman (said I) vseth few words, your Foole much babling; your best Lawyers vse much babling. *Ergo*, your fooles make your best Lawyers.

Wages: And belieue mee sir, t'was well prooued.

Ma. C. A flash, a flash, a foolish Schoole point, a foolish Schoole point.

Wag: But could he any way answere this?

Ma. C. O I, and confuted mee too, onely by reason of a scruie old Prouerb which sayes, Children and Fooles doe alwayes tell true: but your best Lawyers doe not alwayes tell true: *Ergo*, your fooles make not your best Lawyers, a most strong and strange argument.

Wag: I pray Maister Correction, let mee intreat a Play-day for your Schollers.

Ma. C. O

Cupids VVhirligig.

Ma.C. O Maister Wages, they do nothing elie, they do nothing but play, nothing but play.

Wag: Nay good sir, do not deny me, for I haue some priuate busines with you of great importance.

M.C: Nay then sir you shall preuaile indeed: you shall, yet I remember; *Dyonisius ille Tyrannus Scicilia crudelissimas, crudelissimus Scicilia Tyrannus ille Dyonisius:* sayes to one of his Pupils: *huc ades, hac animo, concipe dicta tuo.* So I say vnto you all my Maisters, *reuerere Maiores:* plucke off your hats to your betters, and looke yee giue the Woman the wall, and so goe your wayes.

Gratias:
Omnes } *Gratias:* *Exeunt omnes*
 } *Gratias:* *Schollars.*
 Gratias:

Enter Mistris Correction.

Wages. Morrow Mistris Correction.

Mistris Cor: Morrow good Wages.

Maister Cor: Morrow sweete Wife, sweete Frisset, sweete Nuptiall.

Mistris Cor: O Maister Wages! how doth your good Maister, sir Timothie Trouble some? what doth he thinke he is a Cuckold still?

Maist: Cor: An arrant Cuckold (Wife) belieue it.

Mist: Cor: Come, come, Husband, you are such another; why doe you say so?

Ma: Cor: Because it is true, Wife.

Wages: Sir, Maister Correction you are mistaken, I thinke he be no cuckold.

Ma: Cor: Good Maister Wages talke no more of cuckolds; I would they were all in the Sea for my part.

Ma. C. Husband, can you swim?

Ma. C. No wife, nor I desire not to learne.

Ma. C. I would haue you in any case appoint with my husband that I may come masked.

Cupids VVhirligig.

Wag: Peace, that plot is already drawne. Maister Correction, I am sent vnto you from my maister, who commends his loue vnto you, intreating you will giue your diligent attendance this euening at the Church because himselfe vppon his diuorce, is priuately to be married to a new wife: three other couples hee brings with him, they all come masked, yet I will giue you priuate notice what each one is: only I must desire you not to faile.

Maist. Cor. Maister Wages, your Maister is the helme by which my labours are govern'd: and tell him I will steare all the nauie of my actions by his directions: And so I pray commend me backe to him.

Well sir then, till then Farewell.

Mai. Cor. The like to you sir. Come wife, I hope that thou shalt thriue, for as all your Cockatrices maintaine sur-gions by their issues: So doeth the Priest and Midwife agree: I set them togerher, they make worke for thee.

Mi. C. And truely Husband, ile come to their labours, be it at midnight, if they send for me. *Exeunt - ones.*

Enter Ladie, Nan, and Peg.

Ladie. Doth my Tire sit well Nan?

Nan: Passing well, ile assure you Madam.

Peg: Prethee tell me too, how I am drest?

Nan: Why thou art very well drest too, but basted admirable; for the thredes sit in thy gowne, Marrie thou wantst a little Cramming.

Peg: And that's pittie; For I can tell you I am of my selfe a rare bit.

Nan: Nay then thou art for the Seruingmen, for your Gallants (I can assure you) ride altogether with a snaffle.

Peg: Come, thou hast such a deale of wit.

Nan: Indeed I had, before I spent it amongst such vn-thankfull persons as you are Peg; but I prethee pinne my gowne close before: for it.

Peg: That I will, but why doest thou obscure thy brauerie? this thy Petticote is a great deale richer then thy gowne.

Cupids Whirligig.

Nan: Faith I weare my cloathes as your Gallants weare their wits, the best side inwards, I scorne to show it.

Peg: But for all this idle talke, I would wee had appointed our marriage to morrow morning.

Ladie: Then the people would a stood gazing on vs, and besides, wee should haue bene like them in Dutch, subiect to euery Coblers interpretation; but now being married in the euening, presently bed time followes.

Peg: Phoe but 'tis not the fashion. (thes.

Nan: Tut hang fashion, I loue it in nothing but in my cloa-

Ladie: Why, thou knowest 'tis not the fashion in all places to lie with ones owne Husband euery night. Slight, I had rather lie with a man, and neuer marrie him, then marrie a man and neuer lie with him, come, come; I speake my minde freely; I am none of these simpering wenches that come at euery worde and say I forsooth, and no forsooth: and blushe at the sight of a Childe, it puts her in minde how 't was made, and cries faugh at a wanton jest in a playe, and hearkens to a baudie tale in her eare.

Peg: I, tis but dishonorable to marrie thus in hugger-mugger; Men will say wee are with childe, and are asham'd to shew our faces.

Nan: Our faces! why our faces I hope doe not shewe vs to be with childe, 'tis our bellies shewes that; and I hope thou art quick flesh, and not dead fish: thou wilt not turne vp the white of thy belly, woot? but prethee tell mee, was I not married yesterday?

Peg: Yesterday, why doest aske?

Nan: Because, like a young married woman that's poisoned before shee is baud, I begin to long alreadie.

Peg: For what I pray thee?

Nan: Faith to be a bed with my Husband.

Peg: I alas woman, those that are past Childe-bearing, vse to long for that too.

Na: Nay; but my longing yet me thinkes stretches a great deale longer; For I long to bee a Widdow, that I might haue a new Husband: yet not for any concupiscent desires, that I haue in the world.

Cupids Whirligig.

Peg. No, I thinke so too, but onely a desire thou hast to trie the difference of men, and therefore I thinke thou wert best next to marrie an olde man with a white head, because thou maiest sleepe quiet, and not be troubled a nights.

Ladie. By this light I had as liue marrie a Saint Dauis Lecke; No, no, take this of me, where soeuer thou seest the Snow lie on the Mountains, be assured there's no great heat in the valley. *Na.* Let me see, I would be a——

Peg. A Priestes wife I warrant ye, because thou wouldest fare costly, and liue easily.

Nan. No Nan, then marry a Londoner, for then thou shalt liue a life and twere a Lady, weare thy gold neck-lace, and goe in thy Veluet cap euery day.

Peg. True, and then when thy Husband is abroad in Traffique for commodities in other countries, why thou maist deale at home for ready money.

Na. No, not a Londoner by no meanes. *Peg.* No, why?

Nan. Why, if they haue but a Plague amongst them one weeke, they all crie out of a dead time streight: Besides, if they receiue but a little losse at Sea, they breake streight; and where the Husband breakes, you knowe the wife can no longer hold out, shee must downe too for want of maintenance.

Peg. Nay then marrie a Souldier, for questionles most of them will vse their wiues well, for they loue their Punks exceedingly.

La. O but they haue a vile fault too, for they alwaies beget children by day, & then they be squint eyed, for when the Father lookes one way, & the Mother another, to see if any body come the whilst; how can the child look right?

Ladie. What saiest thou by a Ciuilian, Nan?

Nan. O no, by no meanes, for most of their posteritie haue ill lucke, for what their Fathers get by Baudy-courts, they comonly spend it all againe in Baudy-houses: No, and euer I marry againe, ile marrie an Irish Marchant, because they all speake Latine, and indeed are most of them Philosophers by fortune: *Omnia mea mecum porto*: for they carry all their were in their breech: But come, let vs make hast

Cupids Whirligig.

away; I feare our Louers doe our cōming stay. *Exeunt cōr.*

Enter the olde Lord, and the Marchant.

Old Lord: You see Maister Venter, the greatest comfort that is left me now, is onely in my Neighbors loues; where are these Knaues there?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser: My Lord.

Old Lor: What, haue they sup'd within?

Ser: Not yet my Lord.

Old Lvr: Why so, thou art an honest knaue, goe see that none want wine.

Ser: I will my Lord.

Exit Seruing-man.

Old Lor: I would not haue the worst complaine of scarcitie or want of any thing; for Maister Venter we shall carrie nothing with vs: for naked wee into the world came, without that which wee now possesse and haue, and without it, wee must vnto the graue.

Enter Sir Iohn Correction.

O Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, I thanke you for your homily to day; but it you haue a fault Sir Iohn, the which in any of your Schollers would deserue a whipping; you are come too late, I, and to a Feast and all: well, well, well, but you shall fare the worse for this sir Iohn.

Maister: Corr: I would desire a word in priuate with your Honour.

Old Lor: With all my heart: *They Whisper.*

They shall be welcome, euen exceeding welcome, and I thanke you too. *Exit Correction.*

Harke you Neighbour, Sir Iohn tells mee that to honour mee in this my predecessors still accustomed Feast, foure newe married couples are hither come in a Maske: newly from the Church, their feete not yet since their Nuptiall, haue kisd their owne thresholds.

Enter Maister Correction, Cupid, and the Maskers dauncing.

Wen: T'is Signe ye are well belou'd my Lord.

Cupids Whirligig.

Old Lor. I am indeed Maister Venter, I am indeed.

Gentlemen and Women, yee are all welcome euen with my heart; I with my heart yfaith. O Neighbour Venter, my Sonne and your Daughter now be married, what a ioy. full maske would this haue bene.

Ven. Tis true my Lord, but they are fledde, beyond all hope of euer seeing them againe.

Old Lor: Tis true, tis true; yet though the frute gone be, my grieve you see, like leaues sticke fast vpon this Tree: but come Neighbour come, lets sit and looke vppon this youthfull dauncing mirth, for youth and mirth haue daunc'd themselues out at heeles with mee.

Nay, pray Gentlemen vnmaske, that wee may knowe to whome wee shall be thankfull for this honour; How now my Sonne? *The first couple vnmaske and kneele.*

Ven: My Daughter.

Olde Lord: Now may my blessing raise thee from the ground.

Ven: And mine make thee both fruitfull, and a faithfull wife.

Slacke: Why what are you?

Nan: Mistooke of you, but such is womans constancie, Constant in nothing but inconstancie. For I that first you most abhord, Lou'd you a slaue, and hated you a Lord.

Slacke: Well, woodcocke-like, by thy bill, t'is my hap, Thus fast to be catched in a womans trap.

Nuc: Now by my conscience I am deceiu'd.

Na: No, not a whit, for I will loue you euer.

Nuc: Well, giue me your hand then, since t'is my fate, What marriage ioynes, ile neuer separate.

Knight: What now remaried;

Sir Timothie and his Wife vnmasked.

Na: O! I repent it not, this match is double made, and twice hath holy *Hymens* fingers tide the knot.

Nuc: Well, since t'is thus, henceforth ile loue thee euer For (*Que sera, sera,*) gainst what plots so euer; but who is this, Master Correction?

Cupids VVhirligig.

Maist. Cor. A friend of yours.
Spretious tis my Wife.

They vnmaske.

Na: O then sir, t'is a friend of yours.

Ma. C. Come ye away huswife, come ye from him, come.

Mi. C. Faith sir no; why is he not my husband? did not you your selfe marrie me to him? But doe you heare, you were best be quiet, & let me alone, if not yfaith ile tell all.

Ma. C. Tell what thou canst, iustice, my Lord iustice, I beseech ye for iustice.

M. C. Nay, I beseech your Lordship too, though I am but a weake vessell called a Woman, & therefore by reason of my bashfulnes vnable sir to set forth mine owne tale, yet I doubt not, but I shal find good hearing at your Lordships hand, if ye will but giue me leaue to open mine owne case.

Old Lor: Speake, what are your griuances.

Mi. Cor. May it please your Honour in fewe words, my Husband hath foure wiues; and then I hope t'is as lawfull for me to haue two husbands.

Old Lor: How doe you answere this Sir Iohn?

Ma. Cor: And like your Honour I thinke t'is as lawfull for mee to haue foure wiues, as t'is for my Parson to haue foure benefices; considering I vse them as he doth his benefices? For I protest to your Honour, I nere came neere none of them.

Mi. Cor. Will not this doe it Maister Wages?

Wag: No; you see hee hath answer'd it.

Mi. Cor. Nay then, and like your Lordship, I may bee diuorc'd for another thing, but that I am ashamd to speake on't.

Knight: Nay, you must tell what t'is.

Mi. Cor. Truely I am halfe ashamde.

(true,

Old Lor: Come, come, woman, neuer be ashamde to tell

Mi. Cor: And I may be so bolde to tell your Honour in priuate.

Old Lord: With all my heart.

Mi. Cor. Truely and like your Honour, hee hath not that a man should haue.

Old Lord. No, why what doth he want.

M. C. Nay,

Cupids Whirligig.

M. Correction. Nay pray your Lordship to spare mee
now, I am ashamed.

Old Lor. Nay good Mistris Correction, I must knowe
what it is.

M. Correct. Why then sir I must needes tell: truly a
hath neuer a beard.

Old Lord. Indeede a man should haue a beard.

Well Mistris Correction, your Husband must haue you
backe againe:

And thus in friendship endes long jealous strife,
With all things well, saue Wages wants a wife.

Enter Cupid.

B*ut Gentlemen, whose iudgements sit
In strict Commission on the wit:
Which from the Authors pen did flow,
Hee wisheth all but this to know,
That if you well doe censure him,
Hee readie is with braine and pen,
Another time to pleasure you,
If not, he bids you all Adue.
For well he knowes he hath done well,
And so hee boldly dares to tell.
Yet for the children ere I goe,
Your censure I would willing knowe:
For if you doe the Action blame,
They readie are with pardon drawne:
And each of them heere hoping stands,
That you will signe it with your hands.*

FINIS.

Legi

